

Satiro-mastix.

O R

The untrussing of the Humorous Poet.

As it hath bin presented publiquely,
by the Right Honorable, the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants; and priuately, by the Children of Paules.

By Thomas Dekker.

Non recito cuiquam nisi Amicis idq; coactus.



L O N D O N,

Printed by E. A. for Edward VVhite, and are to
be solde at his shop, neere the little North doore of Paules
Church, at the signe of the Gun. 1602.

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Dramatis personæ.

1. William Rufus.
2. Sir Walter Terill.
3. Sir Reesap Vaughan.
4. S. Quintilian Shorthose.
5. Sir Adam Prickshaft.
6. Blunt.
7. Crispinus.
8. Demetrius Fannius.
9. Tuca.
10. Horace.
11. Asinius Bubo.
12. Peter Flash.
13. Cælestine.
14. Mistris Miniuer.
15. Ladies.

Ad Detractorem.

*Non potes in Nugas dicere plura meas,
Ipse ego quam dixi. — Qui se mirantur, in illos
Virus habet: Nos hæc nonimus esse nihil.*

Drumstick (Crotalaria)

1. Williams, R. L.
2. Dr. J. C. Hall

3. Dr. J. C. Hall
4. Dr. J. C. Hall
5. Dr. J. C. Hall

6. Dr. J. C. Hall
7. Dr. J. C. Hall
8. Dr. J. C. Hall

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17. Dr. J. C. Hall
18. Dr. J. C. Hall
19. Dr. J. C. Hall
20. Dr. J. C. Hall



To the *V*World.



Orld, I was once resol'd to be round with thee,
because I know tis thy fashion to be round with
every bodie: but the winde shifting his point, the
Veine turn'd: yet because thou wilt sit as Judge
of all matters (though for thy labour thou wear'st
Midassles eares, and art *Monstrum horrendum*,
informe: *Ingens cui lumen ademptum*; whose great *Poliphemian* eye is put out) I care not much if I make description (be-
fore thy *Vniuersality*) of that terrible *Poetomachia*, lately com-
menc'd betweene Horace the second, and a band of leane-witted
Poetafters. They haue bin at high wordes, and so high, that the
ground could not serue them, but (for want of *Chopins*) haue stalkt
vpon Stages.

Horace hal'd his *Poetafters* to the Barre, the *Poetafters* un-
truss'd Horace: how worthily eyther, or how wrongfully, (World)
leane it to the furie: Horace (questionles) made himselfe belecue,
that his Burgonian wit might desperately challenge all commers,
and that none durst take up the foyles against him: It's likely, if he
had not so belein'd, he had not bin so decein'd, for hee was answer'd
at his owne weapon: And if before *Apollo* himselfe (who is *Coro-*
nator Poetarum) an Inquisition should be taken touching this la-
mentable merry murdering of Innocent Poetry: all mount *Helicon*

To the World.

to Bun-hill, it would be found on the Poetasters side Se defendendo. Notwithstanding the Doctors thinke otherwise. I meete one, and he runnes full Butt at me with his Satires hornes, for that in untrussing Horace, I did onely whip his fortunes, and condition of life, where the more noble Reprehension had bin of his mindes Deformitie, whose greatnes if his Criticall Lynx had with as narrow eyes, observ'd in himselfe, as it did little spots upon others, without all disputation: Horace would not have left Horace out of Euery man in's Hymour. His fortunes? why does not he taxe that onely in others? Read his Arraignement and see. A second Cat-a-mountaine mewes, and calles me Barren, because my braines could bring forth no other Stigmaticke than Tucca, whome Horace had put to making, and begot to my hand: but I wonder what language Tucca would have spoke, if honest Capten Hannam had bin borne without a tongue? Is't not as lawfull then for mee to imitate Horace, as Horace Hannam? Besides, If I had made an opposition of any other new-minted fellow, (of what Test so euer) hee had bin out-fac'd, and out-weyed by a settled former approbation: neyther was it much improper to set the same dog upon Horace, whom Horace had set to worrie others.

I could heere (euen with the feather of my pen) wipe off other ridiculous imputations: but my best way to answer them, is to laugh at them: onely thus much I protest (and sweare by the diuineſt part of true Poesie) that (how soeuer the limmes of my naked lines may bee and I know haue haue bin, tortur'd on the racke) they are free from conspiring the least disgrace to any man, but onely to our new Horace; neyther should this ghost of Tucca, haue walke up and downe Poules Church-yard, but that hee was raiz'd up (in print) by newe Exorcismes. World, if thy Hugenes will beleue this: doe, if not, I care not: for I dedicate my booke not to thy Greatnes, but to the Greatnes of thy scorne: Defying which, let that mad Dog Detraction

To the World.

traction bite till his teeth bee worne to the stumps: Envy seede thy
Snakes so fat with poyson till they burst: World, let all thy Adders
shoote out their Hydra-headed-forked Stinges, Ha, Ha, Nauci;
if none will take my part, (as I desire none) yet I thanke thee (thou true
Venusian Horace) for these good wordes thou giu'st me: Populus
me sibylat at mihi plaudo. World farewell.

Malim Conuiuis quàm placuisse Cocis.





Ad Lectorem.

IN stead of the Trumpets sounding thrice, before the Play begin: it shall not be amisse (for him that will read) first to beholde this short Comedy of Errors, and where the greatest enter, to giue them in stead of a hisse, a gentle correction.

In letter C. Page. 1. for, Whom I adorn'd as Subiects: Read, Whom I ador'd as, &c.

In Letter C Pa. 3. for, Ile starte thence poore: Read, Ile starue their poore, &c.

In Letter C Pa. 6. for, her white cheekes with her dregs and bottome: Read, her white cheekes with the dregs and, &c.

In the same Page, for, Strike off the head of Sin: Read, Strike off the swolne head, &c.

In the same Page, for, that of five hundred, foure hundred five Read, that of five hundred: foure.

In Letter G. pa. 1. for, this enterchanging of languages: Read, this interchange of language.

In Letter L. pa 5. for, And flinging insolence should: Read, And flinking insolence, &c.





The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet.

Enter two Gentlewomen strewing of flowers.

1 **C**O ne bedfellow come, strew apace, strew, strew:
in good troth tis pitty that these flowers must be
trodden vnder feete as they are like to bee anon.

2 Pitty, alacke pretty heart, thou art sorry to see any good
thing fall to the ground: pitty? no more pitty, then to see an
Innocent Mayden-head deliuered vp to the ruffling of her
new-wedded husband. Beauty is made for vse, and hee that
will not vse a sweet soule well, when she is vnder his fingers
I pray *Venus* he may neuer kisse a faire and a delicate, soft, red,
plump-lip.

1. Amen, and that's torment enough.

2. Pitty? come foole fling them about lustily; flowers ne-
uer dye a sweeter death, than when they are smother'd to
death in a Louers bosome, or else paue the high wayes, ouer
which these pretty, sinpring, jetting things, call'd brides, must
trippe.

1. I pray thee tell mee, why doe they vse at weddings to
furnish all places thus, with sweet hearbes and flowers?

2. One reason is, because tis ——— o a most sweet thing
to lye with a man.

The vntrolling of

1. I thinke tis a O more more more more sweet to lye with a woman.

2. I warrant all men are of thy minde : another reason is, because they sticke like the scutchions of madame chastity, on the sable ground, weeping in their stalkes, and winckling with theyr yellow-sunke eyes, as loath to beholde the lamentable fall of a Maydenhead : what senceles thing in all the house, that is not nowe as melancholy, as a new set-vp Schoolemaster?

1. Troth I am.

2. Troth I thinke thou mournst, because th'ast mist thy turne, I doe by the quiver of *Cupid*: you see the torches melt themselves away in teares; the instruments weare theyr heart stringes out for sorrow: and the Siluer Ewers weepe most pittifull Rosewater: five or sixe payre of the white innocent wedding gloues, did in my sight choose rather to be torne in peeces than to be drawne on; and looke this Rosemary, (a fatall hearbe) this dead-mans nose-gay, has crept in amongst these flowers to decke th'nuisible garse of the Brides Maydenhead, when (oh how much do we poore wenches suffer) aboute leuen or twelue, or one a clock at midnight at furthest, it descends to purgatory, to giue notice that *Calistine* (hey ho) will neuer come to lead Apes in hell.

1. I see by thy sighing thou wilt not.

2. If I had as many Mayden-heads, as I haue hayres on my head. I'de venture them all rather then to come into so hot a place; prethy strew thou, for my little armes are weary.

1. I am sure, thy little tongue is not.

2. No faith that's like a woman bitten with fleas, it neuer lyes still; yf vpon it, what a miserable thing tis to be a noble Bride, there's such delayes in rising, in fitting gownes, in tyring, in pinning Rebaroes, in poaking, in dinner, in supper, in Reuels, & last of all in cursing the poore nodding fiddlers, for keeping mistris bride so long vp from sweeter Reuels; that, oh I could
neuer

the Humorous Poet.

neuer endure to put it vp without much bickering.

1. Come th'art an odde wench, hark, harke, musicke? nay then the Bride's vp.

2. Is she vp? nay then I see she has been downe: Lord ha mercy on vs, we women fall and fall still, and when we haue husbands we play vpon them like Virginall Iackes, they must ryse and fall to our humours, or else they'l neuer get any good straines of musicke out of vs; but come now, haue at it for a mayden-head.

strew.

As they strew, enter Sir Quintilian Shorthose with Peeter Flash and two or three scruingmen, with lights.

Sir quin. Come knaues, night begins to be like my selfe, an olde man; day playes the theefe and steales vpon vs; O well done wenches, well done, well done, you haue couered all the stony way to church with flowers, tis well, tis well, thar's an Embleame too, to be made out of these flowers and stones, but you are honest wenches, in, in, in.

2. When we come to your yeares, we shal learne what honesty is, come pew-fellow.

Exeunt.

Sir quin. Is the musicke come yet? so much to do! Ist come?

Omnes. Come sir.

Sir quin. Haue the merry knaues pul'd their fiddle cases ouer their instruments cares?

Flash. As soone as ere they entred our gates, the noyse went, before they came nere the great Hall, the faint hearted villiaoes sounded at least thrice.

Sir quin. Thou shouldst haue reuiu'd them with a Cup of burnt wine and sugar, sirra, you, horse-keeper, goe, bid them curry theyr strings: Is my daughter vp yet?

Exit.

Flash. Vp sir? she was seene vp an houre agoe.

Sir quin. Shee's an early sturrer, ah sirra.

Flash. Shee'l be a late sturrer soone at night sir.

The vntrussing of

Sir Quint. Goetoo *Peeter Flash*, you haue a good sodaine flash of braine, your wittes husky, and no maruall, for tis like one of our Comedians bearded, still ith stubble: about your hufines, and looke you be nymble to flye from the wine, or the nymble wine will catch you by the nose.

Flash. If your wine play with my nose Sir, Ile knocke's coxcombe.

Sir quint. Doe *Peeter*, and weare it for thy labour; Is my Sonne in Law Sir *Walter Terrell* ready yet?

Omnes. Ready sir.

Exit another.

Sir Quint. One of you attend him: Stay *Flash*, where's the note of the guesstes you haue inuited?

Flash. Here Sir, Ile pull all your guesstes out of my bosome; the men that will come, I haue crost, but all the Gentlewomen haue at the tayle of the last letter a pricke, because you may read them the better.

Sir quint. My spectacles, lyght, lyght, knaues: Sir *Adam Prickshast*, thou hast crost him, heele come.

Flash. I had much a doe sir, to draw Sir *Adam Prickeshast* home, because I tolde him twas early, but heele come.

Sir quint. Iustice *Crop*, what will he come?

Flash. He tooke phisicke yesterday sir.

Sir quint. Oh then *Crop* cannot come.

Flash. O Lord yes, sir yes, twas but to make more roome in his *Crop* for your good cheare, *Crop* will come.

Sir quint. Widdow *Meneuer*.

Flash. Shee's prickt you see sir, and will come.

Sir quint. Sir *Vaughan ap Rees*, oh hee's crost twise. so, so, so, then all these Ladyes, that fall downewardes heere, will come I see, and all these Gentlemen that stand right before them.

Flash. All wil come.

Sir quint. Well sayd, heere, wryte them out agen, and put the men from the women; and *Peeter*, when we are at Church bring

the Humorous Poet.

bring wine and cakes, be light & nimble good *Flash*, for your burden will be but light.

Enter sir Adam a light before him.

Sir Adam Prickeshaft God morrow, god morrow: goe, in, in, in, to the Bridegroom, taste a cup of burnt wine this morning, it will make you flye the better all the day after.

Sir Adam. You are an early styrrer *Sir Quintilian Shorthose*.

Sir qui I am so, it behoues me at my daughters wedding, in, in, in; fellow put out thy torch, and put thy selfe into my buttery, the torch burnes ill in thy hand, the wine will burne better in thy belly, in in.

Flash. Ware there, roome for *Sir Adam Prickeshaft*: your Worship ——— *Exit.*

Enter Sir Vaughan and Mistris Mineuer.

Sir quin. *Sir Vaughan* and Widdow *Mineuer*, welcome, welcome, a thousand times: my lips Mistris Widdow shall bid you God morrow, in, in, one to the Bridegroom, the other to the Bride.

Sir Vaughan. Why then *Sir quontilian Shorthose*, I will step into mistris Bride, and Widdow *Mineuer*, shall goe vpon M. Bridegroom.

Mineu. No pardon, for by my truly *Sir Vaughan*, Ile ha no dealings with any M. Bridegroomes.

Sir quin. In widdow in, in honest knight in.

Sir Vauz. I will vsher you mistris widdow.

Flash. Light there for *sir Vaughan*; your good Worship --

Sir Vauz. Drinke that shilling Ma. *Peter Flash*, in your guttes and belly.

Fla. Ile not drinke it downe sir, but Ile turne it into that which shall run downe, oh merrily!

Exit Sir Vaughan.

Enter

The vntrussing of

*Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Demetrius, and others with
Ladies, lights before them.*

Sirquin. God morrow to these beauties, and Gentlemen,
that haue Vshered this troope of Ladyes to my daughters
wedding, welcome, welcome all; musick? nay then the bride-
groome's comming, where are these knaues heere?

Flash. All here sir.

*Enter Terill, Sir Adam, Sir Vaughan, Celestine, Mineuer, and
other Ladies and attendants with lights.*

Teri. God morrow Ladies and fayre troopes of gallants,
that haue depos'd the drowzy King of sleep, to Crowne our
traîne with your rich presences, I salute you all;
Each one share thanks from thanks in generall.

Crisp. God morrow M. Bride-groome, mistris Bride.

Omnes. God morrow M. Bride-groome.

Ter. Gallants I shal intreate you to prepare,
For Maskes and Reuels to defeate the night,
Our Soueraigne will in person grace our marriage.

Sirquin. What will the king be heere?

Ter. Father he will.

Sirquin. Where be these knaues? More Rose-mary and
glaues, gloues, gloues: choose Gentlemen; Ladyes put on
soft skins vpon the skin of softer hands; so, so: come mistris
Bride take you your place, the olde men first, and then the
Batchelors; Maydes with the Bride, Widdows and wiues to-
gether, the priest's at Church, tis time that we march the-
ther

Ter. Deare *Blunt* at our returne from Church, take paines
to stept to *Horace*, for our nuptiall songs; now Father when
you please.

Sirquin. Agreed, set on, come good *Sir Vaughan*, must we
lead

the Humorous Poet.

lead the way?

Sir Van. Pectery you goe too fast for Mistris pride: so, gingerly, gingerly; I muse why *Sir Adam Prickestaff* sticks so short behinde?

Sirquin. He follows close, not too fast, holde vp knaues,
Thus we lead youth to church, they vs to graues. *Exeunt.*

Horace sitting in a study behinde a Curtaine, a candle by him burning, bookes lying confusedly: to himselfe.

Hor. To thee whose fore-head swels with roses,
Whose most haunted bower
Giues life & sent to euery flower,
Whose most adored name incloses,
Things abstruse, deep and diuine,
Whose yellow tresses shine,
Bright as *Eoan* fire.
O me thy Priest inpire.
For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In-in-in golden tunes,
For I to thee and thine immortall name——
In-sacred raptures flowing, flowing, swimming, swimming:
In sacred raptures swimming,
Immortall name, game, dame, tame, lame, lame, lame,
Pux, hath, shame, proclaime, oh——
In Sacred raptures flowing, will proclaime, nor——
O me thy Priest inpyre!
For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In flowing numbers fild with spright and flame,
Good, good, in flowing numbers fild with spright & flame.

Enter Asinius Bubo.

Asini. *Horace*, *Horace*, my sweet ningle, is alwayes in labour when I come, the nine Muses be his midwives I pray
Iupiter: Ningle.

Hor. I

The vntwisting of

Hor. In flowing numbers fill'd with sprite and flame,
To thee.

Asini. To me? I pledge thee sweet Ningle, by Bacchus
quaffing boule, I thought th'adst drunk to me.

Hor. It must haue been in the deuine lycour of *Parnassus*,
then in which, I know you would scarce haue pledg'd me,
but come sweet roague, fit, fit, fit.

*Asini.*ouer head and eares ysaid? I haue a sacke full of
newes for thee, thou shalt plague some of them, it God send
vs life and health together.

Hor. Its no matter, empty thy sacke anon, but come here
first honest roague, come.

Asini. Ist good, ist good, pure *Helicon* has

Hor. Dam me ist be not the best that euer came from me,
if I haue any iudgement, looke sir, tis an *Euphatorium* for Sir
Walter Terrels wedding, my braines haue giuen assault to it
but this morning.

Asin. Then I hope to see them flye out like gun-powder
ere night.

Hor. Nay good roague make, for they are the best lynes
that euer I drew.

Asin. Heer's the best lease in England, but on, on, Ile but
tune this Pipe.

Hor. Marke, to thee whose fore-head swels with *Roses*.

Asin. O sweet, but will there be no exceptions taken, be-
cause fore-head and swelling comes together?

Hor. push, away, away, its proper, besides tis an elegancy
to say the fore head swels.

Asin. Nay an't be proper, let it stand for Gods loue.

H. r. Whose most haunted bower,
Giues life and sent to euery flower,
Whose most adored name incloses,
Things abstruse, deep and diuine.
Whose yellow tresses shine,

Bright

the Humorous Poet.

Bright as *Eoan* fire.

Asini. O pure, rich, ther's heate in this, on, on.

Hor. Bright as *Eoan* fire,

O me thy Priest inspire!

For I to thee and thine immortall name---*marke this*.

In flowing numbers fild with spryte, and flame.

Asini. I mary, ther's spryte and flame in this.

Ho. A pox, a this Tobacco.

Asin. Wod this case were my last, if I did not marke, nay all's one, I haue alwayes a consort of Pypes about me, myne Ingle is all fire and water; I markt, by this Candle (which is none of Gods Angels) I remember, you started back at sprite and flame.

Hor. For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In flowing numbers fild with sprite and flame,
To thee Loues mightiest King,

Himen ô *Himen* does our chaste Muse sing.

Asin. Ther's musicke in this;

Hor. Marke now deare *Asinius*.

Let these virgins quickly see thee,
Leading out the Bride,
Though theyr blushing cheekes they hide,
Yet with kisses will they see thee,
To vntye theyr Virgin zone,
They grieue to lye alone.

Asini. So doe I by *Venus*.

Hor. Yet with kisses wil they see thee, my Muse has marcht (deare roague) no farder yet: but how ist? how ist? nay prethee good *Asinius* deale plainly, doe not flatter me, come, how?

Asin. If I haue any iudgement;

Hor. Nay look you Sir, and then follow a troope of other rich and labour d'conceipts, oh the end shall be admirable! But how ist sweet *Bubo*, how, how?

C

Asin. If

The vntersing of

Asi. If I haue any Iudgement, tis the best stuffe that euer dropt from thee.

Hor. You ha scene my Acrosticks?

Asi. Ile put vp my pypes and then Ile see any thing.

Hor. Th'ast a Coppy of mine Odes to, hast not Bubo?

Asi. Your odes? O that which you spake by word a mouth at th'ordinary, when Musco the gull cryed Mew at it:

Hor. A pox on him poore braineles Rooke: and you remember, I tolde him his wit lay at pawne with his new Satin sute, and both would be lost, for not fetching home by a day.

Asi. At which he would faine ha blusht but that his painted cheekes would not let him.

Hor. Nay sirra the Palinode, which I meane to stich to my Reuels, shall be the best and ingenious peece that euer I swet for; stay roague, Ile sat thy spleane and make it plumpe with laughter.

Asi. Shall It sayth Ningle, shall I see thy secrets?

Hor. Puh my friends.

Asi. But what fardle's that? what fardle's that?

Hor. Fardle, away, tis my packet; heere lyes intoomb'd the loues of Knights and Earles, heere tis, heere tis, heere tis, Sir Walter Terils letter to me, and my answere to him: I no sooner opened his letter, but there appeared to me three glorious Angels, whome I adorn'd, as subiectes doe their Soueraignes: the honest knight Angles for my acquaintance, with such golden baites — but why doost laugh my good roague? how is my answere, prethee, how, how?

Asi. Answere, as God iudge me Ningle, for thy wit thou mayst answer any Iustice of peace in England I warrant; thou writ'st in a most goodly big hand too, I like that, & readst as leageably as some that haue bin sau'd by their neck-verse.

Hor. But how doost like the Kinghts inditing?

Asi. If I haue any Iudgement; a pox onr, heer's worship-
full

the Humorous Poet.

full lynes indeed, heer's stufte: but firra Ningle, of what fashion is this knights wit, of what blocke?

Asi. Why you see; wel, wel, an ordinary Ingenuity, a good wit for a knight, you know how, before God I am haunted with some the most pittypull dry gallants. (a far off.

Asi. Troth so I think; good peeces of lantskip, shew best

Hor. I, I, I, excellent sumpter hories, carry good cloaths; but honest rogue, come, what news, what newes abroad? I haue heard a the horses walking a' th top of Paules.

Asi. Ha ye? why the Captain Tucca rayles vpon you most preposterously behinde your backe, did you not heare him?
Ho. A pox vpon him: by the white & soft hand of *Minerua*, Ile make him the most ridiculous: dam me if I bring not's hum'or ath stage: &--scuruy lympling tongu'd captaine, poore greasie buffe serkin, hang him: tis out of his Element to traduce me: I am too well ranckt *Asinius* to bee stab'd with his dudgeon wit: firra, Ile compose an Epigram vpon him, shall goe thus——

Asi. Nay I ha more news, ther's Crispinus & his Iorneyman Poet Demetrius Faninus too, they sweare they'll bring your life & death vpon' th stage like a Bricklayer in a play.

Hor. Bubo they must presse more valiant wits than theyr own; to do it: me ath stage? ha, ha. Ile starte thence poore' copper-lace workmasters, that dare play me: I can bring (& that they quake at) a prepar'd troope of gallants, who for my sake shal distaste euery vsalted line, in their fly-blowne Comedies

Asi. Nay that's certaine, ile bring 100. gallants of my ranke

Hor. That same Crispinus is the silliest Dor, and Faninus the lightest cob-web-lawne peece of a Poet, oh God!

Why should I care what euery Dor doth buz

Incredulous eares, it is a crowne to me,

That the best iudgements can report me wrong'd.

Asi. I am one of them that can report it:

Hor. I thinke but what they are, and am not moou'd.

The ynterssing of

The one a light voluptuous Reueler,
The other, a strange arrogating puffer,
Both impudent and arrogant enough.

Asin. S'ld do not Criticus Reuel in these lynes, ha Nin-
gle ha? *Knocking.*

Hor. Yes, they're mine owne.

Cris. Horrace.

Dem. Flaccus.

Cris. Horrace, not vp yet.

Hor. Peace, tread softly, hyde my Paper; who's this so
early?

Some of my rookes, some of my guls?

Cris. Horrace, Flaccus.

Hor. Who's there? stay, tread softly: Wat T'erill on my
life: who's there? my gowne sweete roague, so, come vp,
come in.

Enter Crispinus and Demetrius.

Cris. God morrow Horrace.

Hor. O, God saue you gallants.

Cris. *Asinius* Bubo well met.

Asin. Nay I hope so Crispinus, yet I was sicke a quar-
ter of a yeare agoe of a vehement great rooth-atch: a pox
ont, it bit me vilye, as God salme la. I knew twas you by your
knocking so soone as I saw you, *Demetrius* Fannius, wilyou
take a whiffe this morning? I haue tickling geare now, heer's
that will play with your nose, and a pype of mine owne scow-
ring too.

Dem. I, and a Hodgshead too of your owne, but that will
neuer be scowred cleane I feare.

Asin. I burnt my pype yesternight and was neuer v'sde
since, if you will tis at your seruice gallants, and Tobacco too,
tis right pudding I can tell you, a Lady but two, tooke a pype
full or two at my hands, and praizde it for the Heauens, shall
I fill

the Humorous Poet.

I fill Flannius?

Dem. I thanke you good Asinius for your lōue,
I fildome take that Phisicke, tis enough
Hauing so much foole to take him in snuffe.

Hor. Good Bubo read some booke, and giue vs leaues ---

As. Leaue haue you deare Ningle, marry for reading any
book Ile take my death vpon it (as my Ningle sayes) tis out of
my Elemēt: no faith, euer since I felt one hit me ith teeth that
the greatest Clarkes are not the wisest men, could I abide to
goe to Schoole, I was at *As in present i* and left there: yet be-
cause Ile not be counted a worse foole then I am, Ile turne
ouer a new leafe.

Asinius reads and takes Tobacco.

Hor. To see my fate, that when I dip my pen
In distilde Roses, and doe strue to dreine,
Out of myne Inke all gall; that when I wey
Each sillable I write or speake, because
Mine enemies with sharpe and searching eyes
Looke through & through me, caruing my poore labours
Like an Anotomy: Oh heauens to see,
That when my lines are measur'd out as straight
As euen Paralels, tis strange that still,
Still some imagine they are drawne awry.
The error is not mine, but in theyr eye,
That cannot take proportions.

Cris. Horrace, Horrace,
To stand within the shot of galling tongues,
Proues not your gilt, for could we write on paper,
Made of these turning leaues of heauen, the cloudes,
Or speake with Angels tongues: yet wise men know,
That some would shake the head, tho Saints should sing,
Some snakes must hisse, because they're borne with stings.

Hor. Tis true.

Cris. Doe we not see fooles laugh at heauen? and mocke

The vntrussing of

The makers workmanship; be not you griev'd
If that which you molde faire, vpright and smooth,
Beskrwed awry, made crooked, lame and vile,
By racking coments, and calumnious tongues,
So to be bit it rankles not: for innocence
May with a feather brush off the foulest wrongs,
But when your dastard wit will strike at men
In corners, and in riddles folde the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart,
If they take off all gilding from their pilles,
And onely offer you the bitter Coare.

Hor. Crispinus.

Cri. Say that you hane not sworne vnto your Paper,
To blot her white cheekes with her dregs and bottome
Of your friends priuate vices: say you sweare
Your loue and your allegiance to bright vertue
Makes you descend so low, as to put on
The Office of an Executioner,
Onely to strike off the head of sinne,
Where ere you finde it standing,
Say you sweare;
And make damnation parcell of your oath,
That when your lashing iestes make all men bleed;
Yet you whip none. Court, Citty, country, friends,
Foes, all must smart alike; yet Court, nor Citty,
Nor foe, nor friend, dare winch at you; great pittie.

Dem. If you sweare, dam me Faninus, or Crispinus,
Or to the lawe (*Our kingdomes golden chaine*)
To Poets dam me, or to Players dam me,
If I brand you, or you, tax you, scourge you:
I wonder then, that of five hundred, foure hundred five,
Should all point with their fingers in one instant
At one and the same man?

Hor. Deare Faninus.

Dem.

the Humorous Poet.]

Dem. Come, you cannot excuse it.

Hor. Heare me, I can ———

Dem. You must daube on thicke collours then to hide it.

Cris. We come like your Phisitions, to purge
Your sicke and dangerous minde of her disease.

Dem. In troth we doe, out of our lones we come,
And not reuenge, but if you strike vs still,
We must defend our reputations:

Our pens shall like our swords be alwayes sheath'd,
Vnlesse too much prouockt, Horace if then

They draw bloud of you, blame vs not, we are men:

Come, let thy Muse beare vp a smother sayle,

Tis the easiest and the basest Arte to raile.

Hor. Deliuer me your hands, I loue you both,
As deare as my owne soule, prooue me, and when
I shall traduce you, make me the scorne of men.

Both. Enough, we are friends.

Cri. What reads Asinius?

Asi. By my troth heer's an excellent comfortable booke,
It's most sweet reading in it.

Dem. Why, what does it smell of Bubo?

Asi. Mas it smells of Rose-leaues a little too.

Hor. Then it must needs be a sweet booke, he would faine
perfume his ignorance.

Asi. I warrant he had wit in him that pen'd it.

Cris. Tis good yet a foole will confesse truth.

Asi. The whoorson made me meete with a hard stile in
two or three places as I went ouer him.

Dem. I beleene thee, for they had need to be very lowe &
easie Stiles of wit that thy braines goe ouer.

Enter Blunt and Tucca.

Blun. Wher's this gallant? Morrow Gentlemen: what's
this deuise done yet Horace?

Hor. Gods

The vnrulsi^{ng} of ^{Gods}

Hor. Gods so, what meane you to let this fellow dog you into my Chamber?

Blun. Oh, our honest Captayne, come, prethee let vs see.

Tuc. Why you bastards of nine whoores, the Muses, why doe you walk heere in this gorgeous gailery of gallant inuentions, with that whoore on poore lyme & hayre- rascal? why——

Cris. O peace good tucca, we are all sworne friends,

Tuc. Sworne, that Iudas yonder that walkes in rug, will dub you Knights ath poste, if you serue vnder his band of oaths, the copper-fact rascal wil for a good supper out sweare twelue dozen of ground luries.

Blun. A pox ont, not done yet, and bin about it three dayes?

Hor. By Iesu within this houre, saue you Captayne Tucca.

Tuc. Dam thee, thou thin bearded Hermaphrodite, dam thee, Ile saue my selfe for one I warrant thee, is this thy Tub Diogines?

Hor. Yes Captaine this is my poore lodging.

Asin. *Morrow* Captaine Tucca, will you whiffe this morning?

Tuc. Art thou there goates pizzel; no godamercy Caine I am for no whiffs I, come hether sheep-skin-weauer, s'foote thou lookst as though th'adst beg'd out of a layle: drawe, I meane not thy face (for tis not worth drawing) but drawe neere: this way, march, follow your commaunder you scoundrell: So, thou must run of an errand for mee Mephios stophiles.

Hor. To doe you pleasure Captayne I will, but whether

Tuc. To hell, thou knowst the way, to hell my fire and brimstone, to hell, dost stare my Sarsens-head at Newgate? dost

the Humerous Poet.

dost gloat: Ile march through thy dunkirkes guts, for shoo-
ting jestes at me;

Hor. Deare Captaine but one word.

Tuc. Out bench-whistler out, ile not take thy word for a
dagger Pye: you browne-bread-nrouth stinker, ile teach thee
to turne me into Bankes his horse, and to tell gentlemen I am
a lugler, and can shew trickes.

Hor. Captaine Tucca, but halfe a word in your eare.

Tuc. No you staru'd rascal, thou't bite off mine eares then,
you must haue three or foure suites of names, when like a low-
sie Pediculous vermin th'ast but one suite to thy backe: you
must be call'd Asper, and Criticus, and Horace, thy tytle's lon-
ger a reading then the Stile a the big Turkes: Asper, Criticus,
Quintus, Horatius, Flacucs.

Hor. Captaine I know vpon what euen bases I stand, and
therefore —

Tuc. Bases: wud the roague were but ready for me.

Blun. Nay prethee deare Tucca, come you shall shake —

Tuc. Not hands with great Hunkes there, not hands, but
Ile shake the gull-groper out of his tan'd skinne.

Crisp. & Deme. For our sake Captaine, nay prethee
holde.

Tuc. Thou wrongst heere a good honest rascall Crispi-
nus, and a poore varlet Demetrius Fanninus (bretheren in
thine owne trade of Poetry) thou sayst Crispinus Sattin dublet
is Reauel'd out heere, and that this penurious sneaker is out at
elboes, goe tivo my good full 'mouth' d ban-dog, Ile ha thee
friends with both.

Hor. With all my heart captaine Tucca, and with you too,
Ile laye my handes vnder your feete, to keepe them from
aking.

Omnes. Can you haue any more?

Tuc. Saist thou me so, olde Coale come! doo't then; yet tis
no matter whether, Ile haue thee in league first with these two

abisi

D

rowly

The vntersing of

rowly powlies: they shal be thy Daimons and thou their githy-
asse; Crispinus shall giue thee an olde cast Sattin suite, and De-
metrius shall write thee a Scene or two, in one of thy Hrong
garlicke Comedies; and thou shalt take the gult of consci-
ence for't, and sweare tis thine owne olde lad, tis thine owne:
thou neuer yet fels't into the hands of sattin, didst

Hor. Neuer Captaine I thanke God.

Tuc. Goe too, thou shalt now King Gorboduck, thou shalt,
because Ile ha thee damn'd, Ile ha thee all in Sattin: Asper,
Criticus, Quintus, Horatius, Flaccus, Crispinus shal doo't, thou
shalt doo't, heyre apparant of Helicon, thou shalt doo't.

Asi. Mine Ingle weare an olde cast Sattin suite?

Tuc. I wafer-face your Ningle.

Asi. If he carry the minde of a Gentleman, he'll scorne it
at's heeles.

Tuc. Mary muffle, my man a ginger-bread, wilt eate any
small coale?

Asi. No Captaine, woud you should well know it, great
coale shall not fill my bellie.

Tuc. Scorne it, dost scorne to be arrested at one of his olde
Suites?

Hor. No Captaine, Ile weare any thing.

Tuc. I know thou wilt, I know th'art an honest low minded
Pigmei, for I ha seene thy shoulders lapt in a Plaiers old cast
Cloake, like a Shie knaue as thou art: and when thou ranst mad
for the death of Horatio: thou borrowedst a gowne of Rosci-
us the Stager, (that honest Nicodemus) and sentst it home low-
sie, didst not? *Respondt*, didst not?

Blun. So, so, no more of this, within this houre—

Hor. If I can sound retreat to my wits, with whome this
leader is in skirmish, Ile end within this houre.

Tuc. What wut end? wut hang thy selfe now? has he not
writ Finis yet Iacke? what will he bee fiftene weekes about
this Cockatrices egge too? has hee not cackeld yet? not
laide

the Humorous Poet.

laide yett

Blau. Not yett, hee sweares hee will within this houre.

Tuc. His wittes are somewhat hard bound: the Puncke his Muse has sore labour ere the whoore bee deliuered: the poore saffron-cheeke Sun-burnt Gipsie wantes Phisicke; giue the hungrie-face pudding-pye-eater ten Pilles: ten shillings my faire Angelica, they'l make his Muse as yare as a tumbler.

Blu. He shall not want for money if heele write.

Tuc. Goe by Ieronimo, goe by; and heere drop the ten shillings into this Bason; doe, drop, when Iacke: hee shall call me his Mæcenæ: besides, Ile dam vp's Ouen-mouth for rayling a's: So, ist right Iacke? ist sterling? fall off now to the vauward of yonder foure Stinkers, and aske alowde if wee shall goe: the Knight shall defray Iacke, the Knight when it comes to *Summa totalis*, the Knyght, the Knight. —

Blu. Well Gentlemen, we'll leaue you, shall we goe Captaine? good Horrace make some hast.

Hor. Ile put on wings.

Asin. I neuer sawe mine Ingle so dasht in my life before.

Cris. Yes, once Asinius.

Asi. Mas you say true, hee was dasht worse once going (in a rainy day) with a speech to'th Tilt-yard, by Gods lyd has call'd him names, a dog would not put vp, that had any discretion.

Tuc. Holde, holde vp thy hand, I ha seene the day thou didst not scorne to holde vp thy golles: ther's a Souldiers Spur-royall, twelue pence: Stay, because I know thou canst not write without quick-siluer; vp agen, this goll agen, I giue thee double presse-money: Stay, because I know thou hast a noble head, Ile deuide my Crowne, ô royall Porrex, ther's a

The vntrussing of

teston more; goe, thou and thy Muse munch, doe, munch
come my deare Mandrake, if skeldring fall not to decay, thou
shalt flourish farewell my sweet *Amadis de Gaule*, farewell.

Hor. Deare Captaine.

Tuc. Come lacke.

Dem. Nay Captaine stay, we are of your band.

Tuc. March faire then:

Cri. Horace farewell, adue Asinius

Exeunt.

Asi. Ningle lets goe to some I auerne, and dine together,
for my stomacke rises at this scurvy leather Captaine.

Hor. No, they haue choakt me with mine owne disgrace,
Which (fooles) ile spit againe euen in your face. *Exeunt*

*Enter Sir Quintilian Sorthose, Sir Adam, Sir
Vaughan, Mineuer with seruising men.*

Sir quinti. Knaues, Varlets, what Lungis, giue me a dozen
of stooles there.

Sir Van. Sesu plesse vs all in our fiue fences a peece, what
meane yee sir Kintilian Sorthose to stand so much on a dozen
stooles, heere be not preeches inuffe to hyde a dozen stooles,
vnlesse you wisse some of vs preake his sinnes.

Sir quin. I say sir Vaughan no shinne shal be broken heere,
what lungis, a chayre with a stronge backe, and a soft bellic,
great with childe, with a cushion for this reuerend Lady.

Mineu. God neuer gaue me the grace to be a Lady, yet
I ha beene worshipt in my conscience to my face a thousand
times, I cannot denye sir Vanghan, but that I haue all imple-
ments, belonging to the vocation of a Lady.

Sir Vaughan. I trust mistris Mineuer you haue all a honest
oman shud haue?

Min. Yes perdie, as my Coach, and my fan, and a man
or

the Humorous Poet

or that serueth my turne, and other things which I de bee loath euery one should see, because they shal not be common, I am in manner of a Lady in one point.

Sir Vaug. I pray mistress Mineuers, let vs all see that point for our better vnderstanding.

Min. For I ha some things that were fetcht (I am sure) as farre as some of the Low Countries, and I payde sweetly for them too, and they tolde me they were good for Ladies.

Sir qui. And much good do'thy good heart faire widdow with them.

Min. I am fayre enough to bee a Widdow, Sir Quintilian.

Sir Vaug. In my soule and conscience, and well fauoured enough to be a Lady: heere is sir Kintilian Sorthose, and heere is sir Adam Prickshaft, a s Gentleman of a very good braine, and well headed: you see he shootes his bolt fildome, but when Adam lets goe, he hits: and heere is sir Vaughan ap Rees, and I beleue if God sud take vs all from his mercy, as I hope hee will not yet; we all three loue you, at the bottome of our bellies, and our hearts: and therefore mistress Mineuer, if you please, you shall be knighted by one of vs, whom you shall desire to put into your deuice and minde.

Min. One I must haue sir Vaughan.

Sir qui n. And one of vs thou shalt haue widdow.

Min. One I must haue, for now euery one seekes to crow ouer me.

Sir Vaug. By Sefu and if I finde any crowing ouer you, & he were a cocke (come out as farre as in Turkeys country) tis possible to cut his combe off.

Min. I muse why sir Adam Prickshaft flies so farre from vs.

Sir Adam. I am in a browne study, my deare, if loue should bee turned into a beast, what beast hee were fit to bee turned into.

Sir quint.

The vntrussing of

Sir quinti. I thinke Sir Adam an Asse, because of his bearing.

Min. I thinke (sauiug your reuerence) Sir Adam a puppy, for a dog is the most louing creature to a christian that is, vnles it be a childe.

Sir Ad. No, I thinke if loue should bee turn'd away, and goe to serue any beast, it must bee an Ape, and my reason —

Sir Vaugh. Sir Adam, an Ape? ther's no more reason in an Ape, than in a very plaine Monkey; for an Ape has no tayle, but we all know, or tis our duty to know, loue has two tayles; In my sudiment, if loue be a beast, that beast is a bunce of Reddis; for a bunce of Reddis is wise meate without Mutton, and so is loue.

Mi. Ther's the yawning Captaine (sauiug your reuerence that has such a fore mouth) would one day needes perswade me, that loue was a Rebato; and his reason was (sauiug your reuerence) that a Rebato was worne out with pinning too often; and so he said loue was.

Sir Vaugh. And Master Captaine Tucca sayd wisely too, loue is a Rebato indeede: a Rebato must be poaked; now many women weare Rebatoes, and many that weare Rebatoes —

Sir Adam. Must be poakt.

Sir Van. Sir Adam Prickshaft has hit the cloute. *Musicke*

Sir qui. The Musicke speakes to vs, we'll haue a daunce before dinner.

*Enter Sir Walter Terrill, Cælestine, Blunt, Crispinus,
and Demetrius, euery one with a Lady.*

All. The King's at hand.

Ter. Father the King's at hand.

Musicke talke lowder, that thy siluer voice,
May reach my Soueraignes eares.

Sir Vaugh. I pray doe so, Musitions bestir your fingers, that
you

the Humorous Poet.

you may haue vs all by the eares.

Sir Quint. His Grace comes, a Hall varlets, where be my men? blow, blow your colde Trumpets till they sweate; tickle them till they found agen.

Blun. Best goe meete his Grace.

All. Agreed.

Sir Vaughan. Pray all stand bare, as well men as women; Sir Adam is best you hide your head for feare your wife braines take key-colde: on afore Sir Kintilian; Gentlemen fall in before the Ladies, in seemely order and fashion; so this is cometye.

Enter Trumpets sounding, they goe to the doore, and meete the King and his Train, and whilst the Trumpets sound the King is welcom'd, kisses the Bride, and honors the Bridegroom in dumbe shew.

King. Nay if your pleasures shrinke at sight of vs, We shall repent this labour, Mistris Bride You that for speaking but one word to day, Must loose your head at night; you that doe stand Taking your last leaue of virginity; You that being well begun, must not be Maide: Winne you the Ladies, I the men will wooe, Our selfe will leade my blushing Bride with you.

Sir Vaughan. God blesse your Maiesty, and send you to be a long King William Rufus ouer vs, when he sees his times & pleasures.

King. Wee thanke you good Sir Vaughan, wee will take your meaning not your words.

Sir Quint. Lowde Musicke there.

Sir Vaughan. I am glad your Maiesty will take any thing at my hands; my words I trust in Sefu, are spoken betweene my soule and body together, and haue neither Felonies nor treasons about them, I hope.

King. Good words Sir Vaughan, I prethee giue vs leaue.

Sir Van. Good

The vntuising of

Vaug. Good words sir Vau. hant: that by interpretation in english, your best giue good words sir Vaughan: god and his Angels blesse me, what ayles his maiestie to be so tedious and difficult in his right mindes now, I holde my life that filerascall-rymer Horace hath puzd and puzd aboute a hundred merie tales and lyce, into his great and princely eares: by god and he vse it, his being Phoebus priest cannot saue him, if hee were his Sapline too ide prease vpon his coxeomb: good lord blesse me out of his maiesties celler: King Williams, I hope tis none offences to make a supplication to god a mightie for your long life: for by shesu I haue no meaning in't in all the world, vnles rascalls be here that will haue your grace take shalke for shees, and vnlesse Horace has sent lyce to your maiesty.

King Horace, what's he sir Vaughan?

Vaugb; A shard-fauourd a fellow as your maiestie has seene in a sommers day: he does pen, an't please your grace, toyes that will not please your grace; tis a Poet, we call them Bardes in our Countrie, singes ballads and rymes, and I was mightie sealous, that his Inke which is blacke and full of gall, had brought my name to your maiestie, and so lifted vp your hye and princely collar.

King I neither know that Horace, nor mine anger, If as thou saist our high and princely choller Be vp, wee'l tread it downe with daunces; Ladies Loose not your men; faire measures must be tread, When by so faire a dauncer you are lead.

Vaugb. Mistris Miniuer:

Min Perdie sir Vaughan I cannot dance.

Vaugb. Perdie by this Miniuer cappe, and according to his maiesties leaue too, you shall be put in among these Ladies, & daunce ere long I trest in god, the saking of the seeres.

They daunce a straine, and whilst the others keepe on, the

King and Celestine stay.

King | That

the Humorous Poet.

Kin. That turne faire Bride shews you must turne at night,
In that sweet daunce which steales away delight.

Ca. Then pleasure is a theife, a fit, a feauer:

Kin. True, he's the thiefe, but women the receiuer.

Another change; they fall in, the rest goe on.

Kin. This change sweet Maide, saies you must change
As Virgins doe. (your life,

Ca. Virgins nere change their life,
She that is wi'd a maide, is Maide and wife.

Kin. But she that dyes a Maide;—

Ca. Thrice happy then.

Kin. Leades Apes in hell.

Ca. Better leade Apes then men,

At this third change they end, and she meetes the King.

Kin. Well met.

Ca. Tis ouertaken.

Kin. Why faire sweet?

Ca. Women are ouertaken when they meete;

Kin. Your bloud speakes like a coward,

(*a.* It were good,

If euery Maiden blush, had such a bloud.

Kin. A coward bloud, why whom should maidens feare?

Ca. Men, were Maides cowards, they'd not come so nere,
My Lord the Measure's done, I pleade my duetie.

Kin. Onelie my heart takes measure of thy be. utie.

Sirquin. Now by my hofe I sweare, that's no deepe oath,
This was a fine sweet earth-quake gentie moou'd,
By the soft winde of whifpring Silkes: come Ladies,
Whose icyuts are made out of the dauncing Orbes,
Come, follow me, walke a colde measure now;

The vnt'russing of

In the Brides Chamber ; your hot beautie's melt,
Take euerie one her fan, giue them their places,
And waue the Northerne winde vpon your faces.

*Celestine and all the Ladyes doing obeysance to the King, who onely
kisses her, Exeunt, Short-hose manning them, the
Gallants stand aloofe.*

Kin. Sir Walter Terrill,

Ter. My confirmed Leige

Ki. Beautie out of her bountie, thee hath lent,
More then her owne with liberall extent.

Ter. What meanes my Lord?

Kin. Thy Bridle, thy choice, thy wife,
She that is now thy fadom, thy new world,
That brings thee people, and makes little subiects;
Kneele at thy feete, obay in euerie thing,
So euerie Father is a priuate King.

Ter. My Lord, her beauty is the poorest part,
Chieflie her vertues did endowe my heart.

Kin. Doe not back-bite her beauties, they all shine,
Brighter on thee, because the beames are thine,
To thee more faire, to others her two lips
Shew like a parted Moone in thine Eclipse;
That glaunce, which louers thought themselues deuise,
Walkes as inuisible to others eyes:
Giue me thine care.

Cri. What meanes the King?

Dem. Tis a quaint straine.

Ter. My Lord.

Kin. Thou darst not Vv.

Ter. She is too course an object for the Court.

Kin. Thou darst not VVat: l et to night be to morrow,

Ter. For shee's not yet mine owne,

King. Thou

the Humorous Poet.

Kin. Thou darst not Wat?

Ter. My Lord I dare, but ———

King. But I see thou darst not.

Ter. This night.

King. Yea, this night, tush thy minde repaires not,
The more thou talk'st of night, the more thou darst not;
Thus farre I tend, I woud but turne this spheare,
Of Ladies eyes, and place it in the Court,
Where thy faire Bride should for the Zodiacke shine,
And euery Lady else sit for a signe.
But all thy thoughts are yellow, thy sweet bloud
Rebels, th'art icalous Wat; thus with proude reuels
To emulate the masking firmament,
VVhere Starres dance in the siluer Hall of heauen,
Thy pleasure should be seasoned, and thy bed
Relish thy Bride, But, but thou darst not VVat,

Ter. My Loord I dare.

Kin. Speake that agen.

Ter. I dare.

Kin. Agen kinde VVat, and then I know thou darst.

Ter. I dare and will by that ioynt holy oath,
VVhich she and I swore to the booke of heauen.
This very day when the surueying Sunne,
Riz like a witnes to her faith and mine,
By all the loyalty that subiects owe
To Maiesty, by that, by this, by both,
I sweare to make a double guarded oath,
This night vntainted by the touch of man,
She shall a Virgin come.

Kin. To Court? *Ter.* To Court.

I know I tooke a woman to my wife,
And I know women to be earthly Moones,
That neuer shine till night, I know they change
Their Orbes (their husbands) and in sickish hearts,

The vntrussing of

Steale to their sweete Endimions, to be cur'd
With better Phisicke, sweeter dyet drinckes,
Then home can minister : all this I know
Yet know not all, but giue me leaue O King,
To boast of mine, and saie that I know none;
I haue a woman but not such a one.

King. Why, she's confirmed in thee; I now approoue her,
If constant in thy thoughts who then can moue her?

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir qui. Wilt please your Highnes take your place within,
The Ladies attend the Table.

King. I goe good Knight; Wat thy oath.

Ter. My Lord,

My oath's my honour, my honour is my life,
My oath is constant, so I hope my wife,

Exeunt.

Enter Horace in his true attyre, Asinius bearing his Cloake.

Asi. If you flye out Ningle, heer's your Cloake; I thinke it
raines too,

Ho. Hide my shoulders in't.

Asi. Troth so th'adst neede, for now thou art in thy Pee
and Kue; thou hast such a villanous broad backe, that I war-
rant th'art able to beare away any mans ieffles in England.

Hor. It's well Sir, I ha strength to beare yours mee thinks;
fore God you are growne a piece of a Crittist, since you fell in-
to my hands : ah little rogue, your wit has pickt vp her crums
prettie and well.

Asi. Yes faith, I finde my wit a the mending hand Ningle;
troth I doe not thinke but to proceede Poet after next Com-
mencement, if I haue my grace perfectlie: euerie one that con-
fer with me now, stop their nose in merriment and sweare I
sinell somewhat of Horace; one calles me Horaces Ape, ano-
ther Horaces Beagle, and such Poeticall names it passes. I was
but

the Humorous Poet.

but at Barbers last day, and when he was rening my face, did but trie out fellow thou makst me *Commie* too long, & sayes he sayes hyec, Ma'ter *Asinius Bubo*, you haue eene Horaces wordes as right as if he had spit them into your mouth.

Hor. VVell, away deare *Asinius*, deliuer this letter to the young Gallant *Drufo*, he that fell so strongly in loue with mee yesternight.

Asin. It's a sweete Muske-cod, a pure spic'd-gull; by this feather I pittie his *Ingenuities*; but hast writ all this since Ningle? I know thou hast a good running head and thou listest.

Hor. Foh come, your great belly'd wit mult long for euery thing too; why you *Rooke*, I haue a set of letters readie starcht to my hands, which to any fresh suited gallant, that but newlie enters his name into my rowle, I send the next morning; ere his ten a clocke dreame has rize from him, onelie with clapping my hand to't, that my Nouice shall start, ho and his hare stand an end, when hee sees the sodaine flash of my writing; what you prettie Diminutive roagie, we must haue false fiers to amaze these spangle babies, these true heires of Ma. Iustice Shallow:

Asi. I wod alwaies haue thee sawce a foole thus.

Hor. Away, and, say: heere be Epigrams vpon *Tucca*, divulge these among the gallants; as for *Crispinus*, that *Crispin-ashe* and *Fannius* his Play-dresser; who (to make the *Muses* beleue, their subiects cares were statu'd, and that there was a dearth of Poesie) cut an Innocent Moore i'th middle, to serue him in twice; & when he had done, made Poules-worke of it, as for these *Twynnes* these *Poet-apes*:

Their Mimicke trickes shall serue
With mirth to feast our Muse, whilst their owne starue.

Asin. VVell Ningle Ile trudge, but where's the *Ran-deuow*?

Hor. VVell thought off, marie at Sir *Vaughans* lodging the VVell knight, I haue compos'd a loue-letter for the gal-

The vntersing of

lants worship, to his Rosamond: the second, Mistress Miniuer,
because she does not thinke so soundly of his lame English as
he could wish; I ha gull'd his Knight-ship heere to his face, yet
haue giuen charge to his wincking vnderstanding not to per-
ceiue it: nay Gods so, away deare Bubo.

Assi. I am gone. *Exit.*

Hor. The Muses birdes the Bees were hui'd and fled,
Vsin our cradle, thereby prophecyng;
That we to learned eares should sweetly sing,
But to the vulger and adulterate braine,
Should loath to prostitute our Virgin straine,
No, our sharpe pen shall keep the world in awe,
Horace thy Poesie, wormwood wreathes shall weare,
We hunt not for mens loues but for their feare. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Adam and Miniuer.

Min. O Sir Adam Prickshaft, you are a the bow hand
wide, a long yard I assure you: and as for Suitors, truelie they
all goe downe with me, they haue all one flat answere.

Sir Adam. All Widdow? not all, let Sir Adam bee your
first man still.

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir quin. Widdow, art stolne from Table? I Sir Adam,
Are you my riual? well, flye fairey'are best;
The King's exceeding merrie at the banquet,
He makes the Bride blush with his merrie words
That run into her eares; ah he's a wanton,
Yet I dare trust her, had he twentie tongues,
And euerie tongue a Stile of Maiestie.
Now Widdow, let me tell thee in thine eare,
I loue thee Widdow, by this ring; nay weare it.

Minen. He come in no rings pardie, He take no golde.

Sir Adam. Harke

the Humorous Poet.

Sir Ada. Harke in thine eare, take me, I am no golde.

Enter Sir Vaughan and Peter Flash.

Sir Vau. Master Peter Flash, I will grope about Sir Quintilian, for his terminations touching and considering you.

Flash. I thanke your Worship, for I have as good a stomacke to your Worship as a man could wish.

Sir Vau. I hope in God a mightie, I shall fill your stomack Master Peter: What two vpon one Sentlemen; Mistris Miniuer, much good doo't you Sir Adam.

Sir quin. Sir Vaughan, haue you din'd well Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. As good seere as would make any hungrie man (and a were in the vilest prison in the world) eate and hee had anie stomacke: One word Sir Quintilian in hugger mugger; heere is a Sentleman of yours, Master Peter Flash, is tedious to haue his blew coate pul'd ouer his eares; and——

Flash. No Sir, my petition runs thus, that your worshippe would thrust mee out of doores, and that I may follow Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. I can tell you Master Flash, and you follow mee I goe verie fast, I thinke in my conscience, I am one of the lightest knights in England.

Flash. It's no matter Sir, the Flashes haue euer bin knowne to be quicke and light enough.

Sir quin. Sir Vaughan, he shal follow you; he shall dog you good Sir Vaughan.

Enter Horace walking.

Sir Vau. Why then Peter Flash I will set my foure markes a yeare, and a blew coate vpon you.

Fla. Godamercy to your worship, I hope you shall neuer repent for me.

Sir Vau. You beare the face of an honest man, for you blush passing well Peter, I will quench the flame out of your name,
and

The vntrussing of
and you shall be christened Peter Salamander.

Peter Flash. The name's too good for me, I thanke your worship.

Sir Van. Are you come Master Horace, you sent mee the Coppie of your letters countenance and I did write and read it; your wittes truelie haue done verie valiantlie: tis a good inditements, you ha put in enough for her ha you not?

Hor. According to my instructions.

Sir Van. Tis passing well, I pray Master Horace walke a little beside your selfe, I will turne vpon you incontinent.

Sir quin. V What Gentleman is this in the Mandrian, a soldier?

Sir Van. No tho he has a very bad face for a souldier, yet he has as desperate a wit as euer an Scholler went to cusses for; tis a Gentle man Poet he has made rimes called Ithalamimums, for M. Pride goome, on vrd widdow.

Sir quin. Is this he welcome Sir, your name pray you walke not so stardie but be acquainted with me boldlie; your name Sir?

Hor. Quintus, Horacius, Flaccus.

Sir Quint. Good Master Flappus welcome.

He w. lies up and downe.

Sir Van. Mistris Miniuer, one vrd in your corner heere; I desire you to breake my arnes heere, and read this Paper, you shall feele my mindes and affections in it, at full and at large.

Mini. He receiue no Loue libels perdy, but by word a mouth.

Sir Vaughan. By Sefu tis no libell, for heere is my hand to it.

Mini. He ha no hand in it Sir Vaughan, He not deale with you.

Sir Van. Why then widdow, He tell you by word a mouth my deuices.

Mini. Your

the Humorous Poet.

Min. Your deuices come not neere in y mouth Sir Vaughan perdy, I was vpon a time in the way to marriage, but now I am turn'd a tother side, I ha sworne to leade a single and simple life.

Sir Adam. She has answer'd you Sir Vaughan.

Sir Van. Tistrue, but at wrong weapons Sir Adam; will you be an Assie Mistris Miniuerst

Min. If I be you shall not ride me.

Sir Vaug. A simple life! by Sefu tis the life of a foole, a simple life!

Sir qui. How now Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vaug. My braines has a litle fine quawme come vnder it, and therefore Sir Adam, and Sir Quintilian, and mistris Miniuer caps God bo'y.

All. Good Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vaug. Master Horace, your inuentions doe her no good in the Vniuersalities; yet heere is two shillings for your wittes; nay by Sefu you shall take it ift were more: yonder bald Adams, is put my nose from his ioynt; but Adam I will be euen to you: this is my cogitations, I will indite the Ladies & Miniuer caps to a dinner of Plumbes, and I shall desire you M. Horace, to speake or raile; you can raile I hope in God a mighty.

Hor. You meane to speake bitterlies

Sir Vaughan. Right, to spitte bitterly vpon baldnes, or the thinnes of haire; you shall eat downe Plumbes to sweeten your mouth, and heere is a good Ansell to defend you: Peter Salamander follow me.

Flash. With hue and crie and you will Sir.

Sir Van. Come M. Horace, I will goe pull out the Ladies.

Ho. And Ile set out my wits; Baldnes the Theame?

My words shall flow hie in a siluer streame.

Exeunt.

Enter Tucca brushing off the crumbes.

Tuc. Wher's my most costly and sumptuous Shorthose?

F

Sir qui. Is

The vntersing of

Sir Quint. Is the King risen from table Captaine Tucce?

Tuc. How? risen? no my noble Quintilian, kings are greater men then we Knights and Caualliers; and therefore must eate more then lesser persons; Godamercy good Diues for these crummes: how now, has not Frier Tucke din'd yet? he fall's so hard to that Oyster-pye yonder.

Sir quin. Oyster-pye Captaine? ha ha, he loues her, and I loue her and feare both shall goe without her.

Tuc. Dost ioue her, my finest and first part of the Mirrour of Knighthood: hange her she lookes like a bottle of ale, when the corke flies out and the Ale fomes at mouth, shee lookes my good button-breech like the signe of Capricorne, or like Tiborne when it is coner'd with snow.

Sir quin. All's one for that, she has a vizard in a bagge, will make her looke like an Angell; I wod I had her, vpon condition, I gaue thee this chaine manlie Tucce.

Tuc. I? I fast thou so Frisking? I haue her athship for some causes, I can sound her, she'll come at my becke.

Sir quin. Wod I could sound her too Noble commatinder.

Tuc. Thou shalt doo't; that Lady ath Lake is thine Sir Trifram, lend mee thy chaine, doe, lend it, Ile make her take it as a token, Ile lincke her vnto thee; and thou shalt weare her gloue in thy Worshipfull hatte like to a leather brooch; Nay and thou mistrusts thy collar, be tyed in't still.

Sir quin. Mistrust Captaine? no, heere tis, giue it her if she'll take it, or weare it thy selfe, if shee'll take mee, Ile watch him well enough too.

Tuc. No more, Ile shoote away yonder Prickshaft, and then belabour her, and flye you after yonder Cucko: dost heere me my noble Gold-finch? —

Sir qui. No more.

Tuc. How dost thou my smug Belimperia: how dost thou? hands off my little bald Derricke, hands off: harkenether Su-

fanna,

the Humorous Poet.

fanna, betwae a these two wicked Elders, shall I speake well or ill of thee?

Mm. Nay, eene as you please Captaine, it shal be at your choice;

Tuc. Why well said, my nimble Short-hose,

Sir quin. I heare her, I heare her.

Tuc. Art angry father time? art angrie because I tooke mother-Winter aside? Ile holde my life thou art stricke with Cupids Birde-bolt, thy little prickshaft, art? dost loue that mother Mumble-crust, dost thou? dost long for that whim-wham?

Sir Ada. Wod I were as sure to lye with her, as to loue her.

Tuc. Haue I found thee my learned Dunce, haue I found thee? If I might ha my wil, thou shouldst not put thy spoone in-to that bumble-broth (for indeede I de taste her my selfe) no thou shouldst not; yet if her beautie blinde thee, she's thine, I can doo't, thou heardst her say eene now, it should bee at my choice.

Sir Ada. She did so, worke the match and Ile bestow ---

Tuc. Not a silke point vpon mee, little Adam shee shall bee thy Ecue, for lesse then an Apple; but send, bee wise, send her some token, shee's greedie, shee shall take it, doe, send, thou shalt sticke in her (Prickshaft) but send.

Sir Adam. Heer's a purse of golde, thinke you that wil be accepted?

Tuc. Go to, it shall bee accepted, and twere but siluer, when that Flea-bitten Short-hose steppes hence: vanish too, and let mee alone with my Grannam in Gutter-Lane there, and this purse of golde doe, let me alone.

Sir quint. The King, gods Lord, I doe forget the King; Widdow, thinke on my wordes, I must be gone
To waite his rising, Ile retorne anone.

Sir Ad. Stay Sir Quintilian, Ile be a waiter too.

The vntrussing of

Sir quinti. Widdow wee'll trust that Captaine there with you. *Exeunt.*

Tuc. Now, now, mothe, Bunch how dost thou? what dost frowne *Queene Gwyniuer*? dost wrinkle? what made these paire of Shittle-cockes heere? what doe they fumble for? Ile ha none of these Kites fluttering about thy carkas, for thou shalt bee my West Indyas, and none but trim *Tucca* shall discouer thee.

Min. Discouer me? discouer what thou canst of me.

Tuc. What I can? thou knowst what I can discouer, but I will not lay thee open to the world.

Min. Lay me open to the world?

Tuc. No I will not my moldie decay'd Charing-crosse, I will not.

Min. Hang thee patch-pannell, I am none a thy Charing-crosse: I scorne to be Crosse to such a scab as thou makst thy selfe.

Tuc. No, is thou makst me so, my Long Meg a Westminster, thou breedst a scab, thou——

Min. I dam thee filthie Captaine, dam thy selfe.

Tuc. My little deuill a Dow-gate, Ile dam thee, (thou knowst my meaning) Ile dam thee vp; my wide mouth at Bishops-gate.

Min. Wod I might once come to that damming.

Tuc. Why thou shalt, my sweet dame Annis a cleere thou shalt, for Ile drowne my selfe in thee; I, for thy loue, Ile sinke, I; for thee.

Min. So thou wilt I warrant, in thy abominable sinnes; Lord, Lord, howe many filthy wordes hast thou to answer for.

Tuc. Name one Madge-owlet, name one, Ile answer for none; my words shall be soorth comming at all times, & shall answer for them selues; my nimble Cat-a-mountaine: they shall Sillic Bum-trincket, for Ile giue thee none but Suger-candie

the Humorous Poet.

candie wordes, I will not Pusse : goody Tripe-wife, I will not.

Min. VVhy dost call mee such horrible vngodlie names then?

Tuc. Ile name thee no more Mother Red-cap vpon paine of death, if thou wilt Grimalkin, Maggot-a-pye I will not.

Min. Wod thou shouldst wel know, I am no Maggot, but a meere Gentlewoman borne.

Tu. I know thou art a Gentle, and Ile nibble at thee, thou shalt be my Cap-a-maintenance, & Ile carrie my naked sword before thee, my reuerend Ladie Lettice-cap.

Mi. Thou shalt carry no naked swords before me to fright me, thou——

Tuc Go too, let not thy tongue play so hard at hot-cockles; for, Gammer Gurton, I meane to bee thy needle, I loue thee, I loue thee, because thy teeth stand like the Arches vnder London Bridge, for thou't not turne Satyre & bite thy husband; No, come my little Cub, doe not scorne mee because I goe in Stag, in Buffe, heer's veluet too; thou seest I am worth thus much in bare veluet.

Min. I scorne thee not, not I.

Tuc I know thou dost not, thou shat see that I could march with two or three hundred linkes before me, looke here, what? I could shew golde too, if that would tempt thee, but I will not make my selfe a Gold-smithes stall I; I scorne to goe chain'd my Ladie ath Hospitall, I doe; yet I will and must bee chain'd to thee.

Min. To mee? why Master Captaine, you know that I haue my choise of three or foure payre of Knights, and therefore haue small reason to flye out I know not how in a man of war.

Tuc. A man a warre? come thou knowst not what a wor-shipfull focation tis to be a Captaines wife: three or four payre of Knights: why dost heare loane-a-bedlam, Ile enter into

The vntrolling of
bond to be dub'd by what day thou wilt, when the next action is layde vpon me, thou shalt be Ladified.

Min. You know I am offered that by halfe a dozen.

Tuc. Thou shalt little Miniuer, thou shalt, Ile ha this frock turn'd into a foote-cloth; and thou shalt be carted, drawne I meane, Coacht, Coacht, thou shalt ryde ligga-logge; a Hood shall flap vp and downe heere, and this shipskin-cap shall be put off.

Mini. Nay perdie, Ile put off my cap for no mans pleasure.

Tuc. Wut thou be proude little Lucifer? well, thou shalt goe how thou wilt Maide-marian; come, busse thy little Anthony now, now, my cleane Cleopatria; so, so, gece thy waies Alexis secrets, th'ast a breath as sweet as the Rose, that growes by the Beare-garden, as sweete as the proud't heade a Garlicke in England: come, wut march in, to the Gentle folkes?

Mini. Nay trulie Captaine you shall be my leader.

Tuc. I say Mary Ambree, thou shalt march formost, Because Ile marke how broad th'art in the heeles.

Mini. Perdie, I will be set ath last for this time.

Tuc. Why then come, we'll walke arme in arme, As tho we were leading one another to Newgate.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, and Demetrius, with papers, laughing.

Cri. Mine's of a fashion, cut out quite from yours.

Dem. Mine has the sharpest tooth, yonder he is.

Blu. Captaine Tucca.

All hold up papers.

Tuc. How now? I cannot stand to read supplications now.

Cris. They're bitter Epigrams compos'd on you By Horace.

Dem. And disperst amongst the gallants In seuerall coppies, by Asinius Bubo.

Tuc. By

the Humorous Poet.

Tuc. By that liue Eccl^e: read, *Lege Legito*, read thou lacke.

Blu. *Tucca's growne monstrous, how rich? that I feare,
He's to be seene for money euery where.*

Tuc. Why true, shall not I get in my debts, nay and the
rogue write no better I care not, farewell blacke lacke fare-
well.

Cri. But Captaine heer's a nettle.

Tuc. Sting me, doe.

Cri. *Tucca's exceeding tall and yet not hye,
He fights with skill, but does most vilie lye.*

Tuc. Right for heere I lye now, open, open, to make my
aduersarie come on; and then Sir, heere am I in's bosome: nay
and this be the worst, I shal hug the poore honest face-maker,
He loue the little Atheist, when he writes after my commenda-
tion, another whip: come yerke me.

Dem. *Tucca will bite, how? growne Satiricall,
No, he bites tables, for he scedes on all.*

Tuc. The whoreson clouen-foote deuill in mans apparell
There stood aboue forty dishes before me to day, (lyes,
That I nere toucht, because they were empty.

Min. I am witnes young Gentlemen to that.

Tuc. Farewell stinckers, I finde thy meaning Screech-owle,
I doe, tho I stop my nose: and Sirra Poet, we'll haue thee vn-
trust for this; come, mother Mum-pudding, come.

Exeunt.

*Trumpets sound a flourish, and then a scennate: Enter King with
Celestine, Sir Walter Terrill, Sir Quintilian, Sir Adam, Blunt
and other Ladies and attendants: whilst the Trumpets sound
the King takes his leave of the Bride-groome, and Sir
Quintilian, and last of the Bride.*

Kin. My song of parting doth this burden beare;
A kisse the Ditty, and I see it heere.

Your

The vntrussing of
Your lips are well in tune, strung with delight,
By this faire Bride remember soone at night :
Sir Walter.

Ter. My Leige Lord, we all attend,
The time and place.

Kin. Till then my leaue commend.

They bring him to the doore: Enter at another doore

Sir Vaughan.

Sir Van. Ladies I am to put a verie easie suite vpon you all,
and to desire you to fill your little pellites at a dinner of plums
behinde noone; there be Suckets, and Marmilads, and Mar-
chants, and other long white plummes that faine would kisse
your delicate and sweet lippes; I indite you all together, and
you especially my Ladie Pride; what doe you saie for your
selles? for I indite you all.

Cal. I thanke yon good Sir Vaughan, I will come.

Sir Van. Say Sentelewomen will you stand to me too?

All. Wee'll sit with you sweet Sir Vaughan.

Sir Van. God a mightie plesse your faces, and make your
peauties last, when wee are all dead and rotten: — you all
will come.

1 Lady. All will come.

Sir Van. Pray God that Horace bee in his right wittes to
raile now.

Exit.

Chor. Come Ladie, you shall be my dauncing guest.
To treade the maze of musicke with the rest.

Dem. Ile lead you in.

Disch. A maze is like a doubt:
Tis easie to goe in, hard to get out.

Blun. We follow close behinde.

Philoca. That measure's best.

Now none markes vs, but we marke all the rest.

Exeunt.

*Exeunt all saving Sir Quintilian, Celestine, and Sir
Walter Terrill.*

Ter. Father

the Humorous Poet.

Ter. Father, and you my Bride; that name to day,
Wife, comes not till to morrow: but omitting
This enterchanging of Languages; let vs thinke
Vpon the King and night, and call our spirits
To a true reckoning; first to Arme our wittes
With compleat Steele of Iudgement, and our tongs,
With sound attillery of Phrases: then
Our Bodies must bee motions; moouing first
What we speake: afterwards, our very knees
Must humbly seeme to talke, and sute out speech;
For a true furnisht Cortyer hath such force,
Though his tonge faints, his very legs discourse.

Sir quin. Sonne Terrill, thou hast drawne his picture right,
For hee's noe full-made Courtier, nor well strung,
That hath not euery ioynt stucke with a tongue.
Daughter, if Ladies say, that is the Bride, that's she,
Gaze thou at none, for all will gaze at thee.

Cal. Then, ô my father must I goe? O my husband
Shall I then goe? O my selfe, will I goe?

Sir quin. You must.

Ter. You shall.

Cal. I will, but giue me leaue,
To say I may not, nor I ought not, say not
Still, I must goe, let me intreate I may not.

Ter. You must and shall, I made a deede of gift,
And gaue my oath vnto the King, I swore
By thy true constancy.

Cal. Then keep that word
To sweare by, O let me be constant still.

Ter. What shall I cancell faith, and breake my oath?

Cal. If breaking constancie thou breakst them both.

Ter. Thy constancie no euill can pursue.

Cal. I may be constant still, and yet not true.

Ter. As how?

G

Ca. As

The vntrussing of

Ce. As thus, by violence detain'd,
They may be constant still, that are constrain'd.

Ter. Constrain'd? that word weighs heauy, yet my oath
Weighes downe that word; the kinges thoughts are at oddes;
They are not euen ballanst in his brest;
The King may play the man with me; nay more,
Kings may vsurpe; my wife's a woman; yet
Tis more then I know yet, that know not her,
If she should prooue mankinde, twere rare, fye, fye,
See how I loose my selfe, amongst my thoughts,
Thinking to finde my selfe; my oath, my oath.

Sir quin. I sweare another, let me see, by what,
By my long stocking, and my narrow skirtes,
Not made to sit vpon, she shall to Court.
I haue a tricke, a charme, that shall lay downe
The spirit of lutt, and keep thee vnde-flowred;
Thy husbands honor sau'd, and the hot King,
Shall haue enough too. Come, a tricke, a charme. *Exit,*
Ce. God keep thy honour safe, my bloud from harme.

Ter. Come, my sicke-minded Eride, Ile teach thee how,
To relish health a little: Tasse this thought,
That when mine eyes seru'd loues commission,
Vpon thy beauties I did seise on them,
To a Kings vse; cure all thy grieue with this,
That his great seale was grauen vpon this ring,
And that I was but Steward to a King. *Exeunt.*

*A banquet set out: Enter Sir Vaughan, Horace, Asinius Bubo,
Lady Petula, Dicache, Philocalia, Mistris Miniuer
and Peter l lath.*

Sir Vaugh. Ladies and Gentlemen, you are almost all wel-
come, to this sweet nuncions of Plums.

Dicach. Almost all Sir Vaughan? why to which of vs are
you

the Humorous Poet.

you so niggardly, that you cut her out but a peice of welcome.

Sir Vaugh. My interpretation is, that almost all are welcome, because I indited a brace or two more that is not come, I am sorrie my Ladie Pride is not among you.

Asi. Slid, he makes hounds of vs Ningle, a brace quoth a?

Sir Vaug. Peter Salamanders draw out the pictures of all the ioynt stooles, & Ladies sit downe vpon their wodden faces.

Flash. I warrant Sir, Ile giue euerie one of them a good stoole,

Sir Van. Master Horace, Master Horace, when I pray to God, and desire in hipocritnes that bald Sir Adams were heer, then, then, then begin to make your railes at the pouertie and beggerly want of haire,

Hor. Leauē it to my iudgement.

Sir Van. M. Bubo sit there, you and I wil thinke vpon our ends at the Tables: M. Horace, put your learned bodie into the midst of these Ladies; so tis no matter to speake graces at nuncions, because we are ali past grace since dinner.

Asini. Mas I thanke my destinie I am not past grace, for by this hand full of Carrawaies, I could neuer abide to say grace,

Dica. Mistris Miniuer, is not that innocent Gentleman a kinde of foole?

Min. Why doe you aske Madam?

Dicach. Nay for no harme, I aske because I thought you two had been of acquaintaine,

Min. I thinke he's within an Inch of a foole.

Dicach. Madam Philocalia, you sit next that spare Gentleman, wou you heard what Mistris Miniuer saies of you.

Philo. Why what saies she Madam Dicache,

Dica. Nay nothing, but wishes you were married to that small timber'd gallant,

Philo. Your wish and mine are twinnes, I wish so too for then

The vntrussing of

Then I should be fure to lead a merrie life.

Asin. Yes faith Ladie, I de make you laugh, my bolts now and then should be soone shot; by these comfits, weed let all slide.

Petr. He takes the sweetest oathes that euer I heard a galant of his pitch sweare; by these Comfits, & these Carrawaies, I warrant it does him good to sweare.

Asin. Yes faith tis meate and drinke to me.

I am glad Ladie Petula (by this Apple) that they please you.

Sr Van. Peter Salamanders wine, I beseech you Master Asinius Bubo, not to sweare so deeplie, for there comes no fruite of your oathes; heere Ladies, I put you all into one corners together, you shall all drinke of one cup.

Asi. Peter I prethee fill me out too.

Flah. I de fling you out too and I might ha my will, a pox of all fooles.

Sr Van. Mistris Miniuers, pray bee lussie, woud Sir Adams Prickshaft stucke by you.

Hor. Who, the balde Knight Sir Vaughan?

Sr Van. The same M. Horace, he that has but a remnant or parcell of haire, his crowne is clipt and par'd away; me thinkes tis an excellent quallitie to bee balde; for and there stucke a nose and two nyes in his pate, he might weare two faces vnder one hood.

Asi. As God saue me la, if I might ha my will, I de rather be a balde Gentleman then a hairy; for I am sure the best and tallest Yeomen in England haue balde heads: me thinkes haire is a scurue lowfre commodity.

Hor. Bubo, heerein you blaze your ignorance.

Sr Van. Pray stop and fill your mouthes, and giue M. Horace all your eares.

Hor. For, if of all the bodies parts, the head
Be the most royall: if discourse, wit, Iudgement,
And all our vnderstanding faculties,

the Humorous Poet.

Sit there in their high Court of Parliament,
 Enacting lawes to sway this humorous world:
 This title of *Man*: needes must that crowne,
 Which stands upon this supreme head, be faire,
 And helde inualluable, and that crowne's the Haire:
 The head that wants this honour stands awry,
 Is bare in name and in authority.

Sir Wan. He meanes balde-pates with his Miniuers.

Hor. Haire, tis the robe which curious nature weaves,
 To hang upon the head: and does adorne,
 Our bodies in the first houre we are borne:
 God does bestow that garment: when we dye,
 That (like a soft and silken Canopie)
 Is still spread ouer vs; in sight of death
 Our hayre growes in our graue, and that alone
 Lookes fresh, when all our other beauty's gone.
 The excellence of Haire, in this shines cleere,
 That the foure Element stake pride to weare
 The fashion of it: when Fire most bright does burne,
 The flames to golden lockes doe striue to turne;
 When her lasciuious armes the Water hurles,
 About the shoares wast, her sleeke head she curls:
 And rorid cloudes being suckt into the Ayre,
 When downe they melt, hangs like fine siluer hayre.
 You see the Earth (whose head so oft is shorne)
 Frighted to see her lockes so rudely torne,
 Stands with her haire an end, and (thus afraide)
 Turnes euery haire to a greene naked blade.
 Besides, when (strucke with griefe) we long to dye,
 We spoue that moyst, which moyst does beautifie,
 We rend this Head-tyre off. I thus conclude,
 Cullors set cullors vnto our eyes iudge right,
 Of vice or vertue by their opposite:
 So, if faire haire, to beauty ad such grace,

The vntrussing of

Baldnes must needes be ugly, vile and base.

Sir Van. True M. Horace, for a bald reason, is a reason that has no haire vpon't, a scuruy scalded reason.

Min. By my truely I neuer thought you could ha pickt such strange things out of haire before.

Asini. Nay my Ningle can tickle it, when hee comes too't.

Min. Troth I shall neuer bee enameld of a bare-headed man for this, what shift so euer I make.

Sir Vaug. Then Mistris Miniuer S. Adams Prickshaft must not hit you; Peter take vp all the cloathes at the table and the Plums.

Enter Tucca and his boy.

Tuc. Saue thee my little worshipfull Harper; how doe yee my little cracknels? how doe ye?

Sir Van. Welcome M. Tucca, sit and shoote into your belly some Suger pellets.

Tuc. No, Godamercy Cadwallader, how doe you Horace?

Ho. Thankes good Captaine.

Tu. Wher's the Sering thou carriest about thee? O haue I found thee my scowring-sticke; what's my name Bubo?

Asini. Wod I were hang'd if I can call you any names but Captaine and Tucca.

Tuc. No Fye't; my name's Hamlet reuenge: thou hast been at Parris garden hast not?

Hor. Yes Captaine, I ha plaide Zulziman there. (man.)

Sir Van. Then M. Horace you plaide the part of an honest

Tuc. Death of Hercules, he could neuer play that part well in's life, no Fulkes you could not: thou call'st Demetrius Iorneyman Poet, but thou putt'st vp a Supplication to be a poore Iorneyman Player, and hadst beene still so, but that thou couldst not set a good face vpon't: thou hast forgot how thou amblest (in leather pilch) by a play-wagon, in the high way, and took'st mad Ieronimoes part, to get seruice among

the Humorous Poet.

mong the Mimickes: and when the Stagerites banisht thee
into the Ile of Dogs, thou turn'dst Ban-dog (villanous Guy) &
euer since bitest therefore I aske if th'ast been at Parris-gar-
den, because thou hast such a good mouth; thou bawlt well,
read, *lege*, saue thy selfe and read.

Hor. Why Captaine these are *Epigrams* compos'd on you.

Tuc. Goe not out Farding Candle, goe not out, for trusty
Damboys now the deed is done, Ile pledge this Epigram in
wine, Ile swallow it, I, yes.

Sir Van. God bleffe vs, will he be drunke with nittigrams
now.

Tuc. So, now arise sprite ath Buttry; no Herring-bone Ile
not pull thee out, but arise deere *Eccho* rise, rise deuill or Ile
coniuere thee vp.

Mis. Good Master *Tucca* lets ha no coniuring heere.

Sir Van. Vddes bloud you scald gouty Captaine, why
come you to set encombrances heere betweene the Ladies.

Tuc. Be not so tart my precious *Metheglin*, be not (my old
whore a *Babilon*, sir fast.)

Mis. O Iesu if I know where abouts in London *Babilon*
stands,

Tuc. Feede and be fat my faire *Calipolis*, stir not my beau-
teous wriggle-tailes, Ile disease none of you, Ile take none of
you vp, but onely this table-man, I must enter him into some
filthy sincke point, I must.

Hor. Captaine, you doe me wrong thus to disgrace me.

Tuc. Thou thinkst thou maist be as sawcy with me as my
Buffe Ierkin, to sit vpon me, dost?

Ho. Dam me, if euer I traduc'd your name,
What imputation can you charge me with?

Sir Van. Sblud, I, what cōputations can you lay to his sarge?
answer, or by *Sesu* Ile canuas your coxcombe Tucky.

Mis. If they draw sweet hearts, let vs shift for our selues.

Tuc. My noble swaggerer, I wil not fall out with thee, I can-
not

The vntersing of

not my mad Cumrade, finde in my heart to shed thy blood.

Sir Van. Cumrade: by Sesa call me Cumrade againe, and ile Cumrade ye about the sinnes and shoulders; ownds, what come you to sinell out heere? did you not dine and feede horribly well to day at dinner, but you come to munch heere, and giue vs winter-plummes? I pray depart, goe marse, marse, marse out a doores.

Tuc. Adew Sir Eglamour, adew Lute-sringe, Curtin-rod, Goose-quill; heere, giue that full-nos'd Skinker, these rimmes; & harke, Ile tagge my Codpeece point with thy legs, spout-pot Ile empty thee.

Asin. Dost threaten mee? Gods lid Ile binde thee to the good forbearing.

Sir Van. Will you amble Hobby-horse, will you trot and amble?

Tuc. Raw Artichocke I shall sauce thee.

Exit.

Mir. I pray you Master Tucca, will you send me the five pound you borrowed on me; O you cannot heare now, but Ile make you heare me and feele me too in another place, to your shame I warrant you, thou shalt not conny-catch mee for five pounds; he tooke it vp Sir Vaughan in your name, hee swore you sent for it to Mum withall, twas five pound in gold, as white as my kercher.

Sir Vaughan. Ownds, five pound in my name to Mum about withall.

Mum. I, to Mum withall, but hee playes mum-budget with me.

Sir Van. Peter Salamander, tye vp your great and your little sword, by Sesa Ile goe sing him while tis hot. Ile beate five pound out of his leather pilch: Master Horace, let your wittes inhabite in your right places; if I fall sanselessly vpon the Widdow, I haue some coffens Garman at Court, shall beget you the reuerfion of the Master of the Kings Reuels; or else be his Lord of Mis-rule nowe at Christmas: Come Ladies, whoreson,

the Humorous Poet.

whoreson Stragling Captaine, he pound him.

Exeunt.

Manet Horace and Asinius.

Hor. How now? what ail'st thou, that thou look'st so pale?

Asin. Nay nothing, but I am afraid the Welsh Knight has giuen me nothing but purging Comfits: this Captaine stickes pockily in my stomach; read this scroule, he saies they'r rimes, and bid me giue them you.

Hor. Rimes: tis a challenge sent to you.

Asin. To me?

Hor. He saies heere you divulg'd my Epigrams.

Asin. And for that dares he challenge me?

Hor. You see he dares, but dare you answer him?

Asin. I dare answer his challenge, by word of mouth, or by writing, but I scorne to meete him, I hope he and I are not Paralels.

Hor. Deere Bubo, thou shalt answere him; our credites Lye pawn'd vpon thy resolution,
Thy vallor must redeeme them; charge thy spirits,
To waite more close, and neere thee: if he kill thee,
He not suruiue, into one Lottery
We'll cast our fates; together liue and dye.

Asi. Content, I owe God a death, and if he will make mee pay't against my will, he say tis hard dealing. *Exeunt*

Enter Sir Adam, Tucce, with two pistols by his sides, his boy laden with swords and bucklers.

Tuc. Did Apolloes Freeze gowne watch man (boy, dost heare Turkie-cockes tayle, haue an eye behinde, leaſt the enemie assault our Rere-ward) on proceede Father Adam; did that same tiranicall-tongu'd rag-a-muffin Horace, turne bald-pates out so naked?

Sir Ad. He did, and whipt them so with nettles, that

H

The

The vntrussing of

The Widdow swore that a bare-headed man,
Should not man' her : the Ladie Petula
Was there, heard all, and tolde me this,

Tuc. Goe too,

Thy golde was accepted, it was, and she shall bring thee into
her Paradice, she shall smill Adam, she shall,

Sir Ada. But how? but how Capten?

Tuc. Thus, goe, couer a table with sweet meates, let all the
Gentlewomen, and that same Pasquils-mad-cap (mother Bee
there) nibble, bid them bite : they will come to gobble downe
Plummes ; then take vp that paire of Basket hiltes, with my
commission, I meane Crispinus and Fannius ; charge one of
them to take vp the Bucklers, against that hayre-monger Ho-
race, and haue a bout or two, in defence of balde-pates : let
them cracke euerie crowne that has haire on't : goe, let them
lift vp baldenes to the skie, and thou shalt see, twill turne Mi-
nuiers heart quite against the haire.

Sir Ada. Excellent, why then M. Tucca—

Tuc. Nay, whir, nymble Prickshaft; whir, away, I goe vp-
on life and death, away, flie Scanderbag flie.

Exit.

Enter Asinius Bubo, and Horace aloofe.

Boy. Arme Captaine, arme, arme, arme, the foe is come
downe.

Tucca offers to shoot.

Asi. Hold Capten Tucca holde, I am Bubo, & come to an-
swer any thing you can lay to my charge.

Tuc. What, dost summon a parlie my little Drum-sticke?
tis too late; thou seest my red flag is hung out, Ile fill thy guts
with thine owne carrion carcas, and then eate them vp in steed
of Sawfages.

Asi. Vse me how you will; I am resolute, for I ha made
my Will,

Tuc. Wilt

the Humorous Poet.

Tuc. Wilt fight Turke-a-ten-pence? wilt fight then?

Asini. Thou shalt finde Ile fight in a Godly quarrell, if I be once fir'd.

Tuc. Thou shalt not want fire, Ile ha thee burnt when thou wilt, my colde Cornelius: but come: *Respicefunem*; looke, thou seest; open thy selfe my little Cutlers Shoppe, I challenge thee thou slender Gentleman, at foure sundrie weapons,

Asi. Thy challenge was but at one, and Ile answere but one.

Boy. Thou shalt answer two, for thou shalt answer me and my Capten.

Tuc. Well said Cockrell, out-crowe him: art hardy noble Huon: art Magnanimious: licke-trencher; looke, search least some lye in ambush; for this man at Armes has paper in's bellie, or some friend in a corner, or else hee durst not bee so cranke.

Boy. Capten, Capten, Horace stands sneaking heere.

Tuc. I smelt the foule-sifted Morter-treader, come my most damnable fastidious rascall, I haue a suite to both of you.

Asi. O holde, most pittifull Captaine holde.

Hor. Holde Capten, tis knowne that Horace is valliant, & a man of the sword,

Tuc. A Gentleman, or an honest Cittizen, shall not Sit in your pennie-bench Theaters, with his Squirrell by his side cracking nuttes; nor sneake into a Tauerne with his Mermaid; but he shall be Satyr'd, and Epigram'd vpon, and his humour must run vpo'th Stage: you'll ha *Euery Gentleman in's humour*, and *Euery Gentleman out on's humour*: wee that are heades of Legions and Bandes, and feare none but these same shoulder-clappers, shall feare you, you Serpentine rascall.

Hor. Honour'd Capten.

The vntrulsing of

Tuc. Art not famous enough yet, my mad *Florastratus*, for killing a Player, but thou must eate men alieue? thy friends? Sirra wilde-man, thy Patrons? thou Anthropophagite, thy Mecaenasses?

Hor. Captaine, I'm sorry that you lay this wrong. So close vnto your heart: deare Captaine thinke I writ out of hot bloud, which (now) being colde, I could be pleas'd (to please you) to quaffe downe, The poyson'd Inke, in which I dipt your name.

Tuc. Saist thou so, my *Palinodicall* rimester?

Hor. Hence forth Ile rather breath out *Silacismes* (To doe which Ide as soone speake blasphemie) Than with my tongue or pen to wound your worth, Beleue it noble Capten; it to me Shall be a Crowne, to crowne your actes with praize, Out of your hate, your loue Ile stronglie raize.

Tuc. I know now th'ast a number of these *Quiddits* to binde men to th' peace: tis thy fashion to flirt Inke in euerie mans face; and then to craule into his bosome, and damne thy selfe to wip't off agen: yet to giue out abroad, that hee was glad to come to composition with thee: I know *Monsieur Machianell* tis one a thy rules; My long-heel'd *Troglodite*, I could make thine eares burne now, by dropping into them, all those hot oathes, to which, thy selfe gau'st voluntarie fire, (whē thou wast the man in the Moone) that thou wouldst neuer squib out any new Salt-peter Iesties against honest *Tucca*, nor those Maligo-tasters, his *Poetafters*; I could *Cinocephalus*, but I will not, yet thou knowst thou hast broke those oathes in print, my excellent infermall.

Ho. Capten.

Tuc. Nay I smell what breath is to come from thee, thy answer is, that there's no faith to be helde with Heritickes & Infidels, and therefore thou swear'st anie thing: but come, lend mee thy hand, thou and I hence forth will bee *Alexander* and *Lodwicks*,

A
the Humorous Poet.

Edwike, the *Geminis* sworne brothers, thou shalt be *Perithous* and *Tucca Thesens*; but Ile leaue thee i'th lurch, when thou mak'st thy voiage into hell: till then, *I live-assurcally*.

Hor. With all my soule deare Capten,

Tuc. Thou'lt shoote thy quilles at mee, when my terrible backe's turn'd for all this, wilt not Porcupine? and bring me & my *Heliconistes* into thy Dialogues to make vs talke madlie, wut not *Lucian*?

Hor. Capten, if I doe ———

Tuc. Nay and thou dost, hornes of *Lucifer*, the *Parcell-Poets* shall Sue thy wrangling Muse, in the Court of *Pernassus*, and neuer leaue hunting her, till she pleade in *Forma Pauperi*: but I hope th'a't more grace: come: friendes, clap handes tis a bargaine; amiable *Bubo*, thy fitt must walke too: so, I loue thee, now I see th'art a little *Hercules*. and wilt fight; Ile Sticke thee now in my companie like a sprig of *Rosemary*.

Enter Sir Rees ap Vaughan and Peter Flash

Fla. Draw Sir Rees he's yonder, shall I vpon him?

Sir Van. Vpon him? goe too, goe too Peter Salamander; holde, in Gods name holde; I will kill him to his face, because I meane he shall answer for it; being an eye-witnes; one vrde Capten Tucky.

Tuc. Ile giue thee ten thousand words and thou wilt, my little Thomas Thomasius.

Sir Van. By *Sesu*, tis best you giue good vrdes too, least I beate out your tongue, and make your vrde nere to be taken more; doe you heare, fiue pounds, fiue pounds Tucky.

Tuc. Thou shalt ha fiue, and fiue, and fiue, and thou wantst money my Iob.

Sir Van. Leaue your fetches and your fegaries; you tough leather-lerkins; leaue your quandaries, and trickes, and draw vpon me y'are best: you conny-catch Widdow *Miniver-caps*

The vntersing of
for five pounds, and say tis for me to cry Mum, and make mee
run vp and downe in dishonors, and discredites; is't not true,
you winke-a-pipes rascall? is not true?

Tuc. Right, true, guilty, I remember't now; for when I
spake a good word to the Widdow for thee my young Samp-
son ———

Sir Van. For five pounds you cheating scab, for 5. pounds,
not for me.

Tuc. For thee ô Cæsar, for thee I tooke vp five pounds in
golde, that lay in her lap, & said Ide giue it thee as a token from
her: I did it but to smell out how she stood affected to thee, to
feele her; I, and I know what she said, I know how I carried a-
way the golde.

Sir Van. By Sefu, I ha not the mercy to fall vpon him now:
M. Tucky, did widdow Miniuers part quietly from her golde,
because you lyed, and said it was for me?

Tuc. Quietly, in peace, without grumbling; made no noise,
I know how I tempted her, in thy behalfe; my little Trangdo.

Sir Van. Capten Tucky, I will pay back her 5. P. (vnles you
be damn'd in lyes) & hold you, I pray you pocket vp this; by
the crosse a this sword & dagger, Capten you shall take it.

Tuc. Dost sweare by daggers? nay then lle put vp more at
thy hands then this.

Flash. Is the fray done sir?

Sir Van. Done Peter, put vp your sineeter.

Tuc. Come hether, my soure-fac'd Poet; fling away that
beard-brush Bubo, casheere him, and harke: Knight attend:
So, that raw-head and bloody-bones Sir Adam, has fee'd ano-
ther brat (of those nine common wenches) to defend bald-
nes, and to raile against haire: he'll haue a fling at thee, my
noble Cock-Sparrow.

Sir Van. At mee? will hee fling the cudgels of his witte at
mee?

Tuc. And at thy button-cap too; but come, lle be your lea-
der,

the Humorous Poet.

der you shall stand, heare all, & not be seene; cast off that blew
coate, away with that flawne, and follow, come : *Exit.*

Hor. Bubo, we follow Captaine.

Sir Ua Peter, leaue comining behinde me, I pray any lon-
ger, for you and I must part Peter.

Flash. Sounds Sir, I hope you will not serue me so, to turne
me away in this case.

Sir Ua. Turne you into a fooles coate; I meane I will go
solus, or in solitarie alone; ounds y-are best giue better words,
or Ile turne you away indeed; where is Capten Tucky? come
Horace; get you home Peter.

Flash. Ile home to your cost; and I can get into the Wine-
Seller. *Exit.*

Hor. Remember where to meete mee.

Asin. Yes Ile meete; Tucca should ha found I dare
meete. *Exit.*

Ho. Dare defend baldnes, which our conquering Muse
Has beaten downe so flat? Well, we will goe,
And see what weapons theyr weake wittes doe bring;
If sharpe, we'll spred a large and nobler wing;
Tucca, heere lyes thy Peace: warre roares agen;
My Swoord shall neuer cutte thee, but my pen. *Exit.*

*Enter Sir Adam, Crispinus, Fannius, Blunt, Miniuer,
Petula, Philocalia and Dicace.*

Ladies, Thanks good Sir Adam.

Sir Ada. Welcome red-checkt Ladies,
And welcome comely Widdow; Gentlemen,
Now that our sorry banquet is put by,
From stealing more sweet kisses from your lips
Walke in my garden: Ladyes let your eyes
Shed life into these flowers by their bright beames,
Sit, Sit, heere's a large bower, heere all may heare,
Now good Crispinus let your praize begin.

There

The vntrussing of
There, where it left off Baldnes.

Cris. I shall winne.

No praise, by praising that, which to depraue,
All tongues are readie, and which none would haue.

Bin. To prooue that best, by strong and armed reason,
Whose part reason feares to take, cannot but prooue,
Your wit's fine temper, and from these win loue.

Min. I promise you has almost conuerted me, I pray bring
forward your bald reasons M. Poet.

Cri. Mistris you giue my Reasons proper names,
For Arguments (like Children) should be like,
The subiect that begets them; I must strue
To crowne *Bald heades*, therefore must baldlie thriue;
But be it as it can: To what before,
Went arm'd at table, this force bring I more;
If a *Bare head* (being like a dead-mans scull)
Should beare vp no praise els but this, it sets
Our end before our eyes; should I dispaire,
From giuing *Baldnes*: higher place then haire?

Mmi. Nay perdie, haire has the higher place.

Cri. The goodliest & most glorious strange-built wonder,
Which that great Architect hath made, is heauen;
For there he keepes his Court, It is his Kingdome,
That's his best Master-piece; yet tis the rooffe,
And Seeling of the world: that may be cal'd
The head or crowne of Earth, and yet that's balde;
All creatures in it balde; the louely *Sunne*,
Has a face sleeke as golde; the full-checkt *Moone*,
As bright and smooth as siluer: nothing there
Weares dangling lockes, but sometime blazing Starres,
Whose flaming curles, set realmes on fire with warres.
Descend more low; lookethrough mans fiae-folde sence,
Of all, the *Eye*, beares greatest eminence;
And yet that's balde, the haire that like a lace,

the Humorous Poet.

Are stich't into the liddes, borrow those formes,
Like Pent-houses to saue the eyes from stormes.

Sir Adam. Right, well said.

Cris. A head and face ore-growne with Shaggie drosse,
O, is an Orient pearle hid all in Mosse;

But when the head's all naked and vncrown'd,
It is the worlds *Globe*, euen, smooth and round;

Baldnes is nature's *Bur*, at which our life,
Shootes her last Arrow: what man euer lead

His age out with a staffe, but had a head
Bare and vncouer'd like whose yeares doe rise,
To their full height, yet not balde, is not wile:

The *Head* is *Wisdomes* house, *Haire* but the thatch,

Haire? It's the basest stubble; in scorne of it,

This Prouerbe sprung, *he has more haire then wit*:

Marke you not in derision how we call,

A head growne thicke with haire, *Bush-naturall*.

Min. By your leaue (Master Poet) but that *Bush-naturall*,
is once the trimmest, and most intanglingst beautie in a wo-
man.

Cris. Right, but belecue this (*pardon me most faire*).

You would haue much more wit, had you lesse haire:

I could more wearie you to tell the proofes,

(As they passe by) which fight on *Baldnes* side,

Then were you taskt to number on a head,

The haire: I know not how your thoughts are lead,

On this strong Tower shall my opinion rest,

Heades thicke of haire are good, but balde the best,

Whilst this *Paradox* is in speaking, *Tucca* Enters with *Sir Vaugh-*
an at one doore, and secretly placeth him: then *Exit* and brings in
Horace muffled, placing him: *Tucca* sits among them.

Tuc. Th'art within a haire of it, my sweet *Wit* whether wile
I thou?

The vntrussing of
thou? my delicate Poeticall Furie, th'alt hit it to a haire.
Sir Vaughan steps out.

Sir Van. By your fauour Master Tucky, his balde reasons are wide about two hayres, I beseech you pardon mee Ladies, that I thrust in so malepartly among you, for I did but mych heere, and see how this cruell Poet did handle balde heades.

Sir Ad. He gaue them but their due Sir Vaughan; Widow did he not?

Mimi. By my faith he made more of a balde head, than euer I shall be able: he gaue them their due truly.

Sir Vaugh. Nay vds bloud, their due is to bee a the right haire as I am, and that was not in his fingers to giue, but in God a Mighties: Well, I will hyre that humorous and fantastickall Poet Master Horace, to breake your balde pate Sir Aslam.

Sir Ada. Breake my balde pate?

Tuc. Dost heere my worshipfull block-head?

Sir Vaugh. Patience Captaine Tucky, let me abuse him; I meane he shal pricke, pricke your head or sconce a little with his goose-quills, for he shal make another Thalinum, or crosse-stickes, or some Polinoddies, with a few Nappy-grans in them, that shall lift vp haire, and set it an end, with his learned and hartie commendations.

Hor. This is excellent, all will come out now.

Dica. That same Horace me thinkes has the most vngodly face, by my Fan; it lookes for all the world, like a rotten musset Apple, when tis bruiz'd: Its better then a spoonefull of Synamon water next my heart, for me to heare him speake; hee foundes it so ith nose, and talkes and randes for all the world, like the poore fellow vnder Ludgate: oh fye vpon him.

Min By my troth sweet Ladies, it's Cake and pudding to me, to see his face make faces, when hee reads his Songs
and

the Humorous Poet.

and Sonnets.

Hor. Ile face some of you for this, when you shall not budge.

Tuc. Its the stinckingst dung-farmer ---- foh vpon him.

Sir Vaughan. Foh? oundes you make him vrise than olde her-ring: foh? by Sefu I thinke he's as tidy, and as tall a Poet as e-uer drew out a long verse.

Tuc. The best verse that euer I knew him hacke out, was his white necke-verse: noble Ap Rees thou wouldst scorne to laye thy lippes to his commendations, and thou smeldst him out as I doe, hee calles thee the burning Knight of the Sa-lamander.

Sir Vaughan. Right, Peter is my Salamander; what of him? but Peter is neuer burnt: howe now? so, goe too now.

Tucca. And sayes because thou Clipst the Kinges Eng-lish.

Sir Vaughan. Oundes meet: that's treason: clip? horrible treasons, Sefu holde my handes; clip? he baites moufe-trappes for my life.

Tucca. Right little Twinckler, right: hee sayes because thou speakst no better, thou canst not keep a good tongue in thy head.

Sir Vaughan. By God tis the best tongue, I can buy for loue or money.

Tuc. He shootes at thee too Adam Bell, and his arrowes flickes heere; he callesthee bald-pate.

Sir Vaughan. Oundes make him prooue these intollera-bilities.

Tuc. And askes who shall carry the vineger-bottle? & then he rimes too't, and sayes Prickshaft: nay Minuer hee crom-plesthy Cap too; and ----

Cri. Come Tucca, come, no more; the man's wel knowne, thou needst not paint him, whom does he not wrong?

33 The vntersing of

Tuc. Mary himselfe, the vglie Pope Boniface, pardons himselfe, and therefore my iudgement is, that presently he bee had from hence, to his place of execution, and there bee Stab'd, Stab'd, Stab'd. *He stabs a him.*

Hor. Oh gentlemen, I am flaine, oh flaine art hyr'd to murder me, to murder me, to murder me!

Ladies. Oh God!

Sir Vaugh. Ounds Capten you haue put all Poetrie to the dint of sword, blow winde about him: Ladies for our Lordes sake, you that haue smocks, teare off peeces, to shoote through his oundes: Is he dead and buried? is he? pull his nose, pinch, rub, rub, rub, rub.

Tu. If he be not dead, looke heere; I ha the Stab and pip-pin for him: if I had kil'd him, I could ha pleas'd the great foole with an Apple.

Cris. How now? be well good Horace, heere's no wound; Yare flaine by your owne feares; how dost thou man? Come, put thy heart into his place againe; Thy out-side's neither peir'd, nor in-side flaine.

Sir Van. I am glad M. Horace, to see you walking.

Ho. Gentlemen, I am blacke and blewe the breadth of a groate.

Tuc. Breadth of a groate? there's a tesson, hide thy infirmities, my scurvy Lazarus; doe, hide it, least it proue a scab in time: hang thee desperation, hang thee, thou knowst I cannot be sharpe set against thee: looke, feele (my light-vptailles all) feele my weapon.

Ms. O most pittifull as blunt as my great thumbe.

Sir Van. By Sefu, as blunt as a Welsh bag-pudding.

Tuc. As blunt as the top of Poules; tis not like thy Aloe, Cicatrice tongue, bitter: no, tis no flabber, but like thy goodly and glorious nose, blunt, blunt, blunt: dost roare bulchin? dost roare? th'ast a good roundfull voice to cry Lanthorne & Candle-light.

Sir Van. Two

the Humorous Poet.

Sir Va. Two vords Horace about your eares: how chance it
passes, that you bid God boygh to an honest trade of building
Symneys, and laying downe Bricks, for a worse handicraft-
nes, to make nothing but railes; your Muse leanes vpon no-
thing but filthy rotten railes; such as stand on Poules head,
how chance?

Hor. Sir Vaughan.

Sir Va. You lye sir varlet sir villaine, I am sir Salamanders,
ounds, is my man Matter Peter Salamanders face as vrfie as
mine? Sentelemen, all and Ladies, and you say once or twice
Amen, I will lap this little Silde, this Booby in his blankets
agen.

Omnes. Agree'd, agree'd.

Tuc. A blanket, these crackt Venice glasses shall fill him
out, they shall tollie him, holde fast wag-tailes: so, come, in,
take this bandy with the racket of patience, why when? dost
stampe mad Tamberlaine, dost stampe? thou thinkst th'ast
Morter vnder thy feete, dost?

Ladies. Come, a bandy ho.

Hor. O holde most sacred beauties.

Sir Van. Hold, silence, the puppet-teacher speaks,

Ho. Sir Vaughan, noble Capten, Gentlemen,
Crispinus, deare Demetrius ô redeeme me,
Out of this infamous——by God by Iesu——

Cri. Nay, sweare not so good Horace, now these Ladies,
Are made your executioners: prepare,
To suffer like a gallant, not a coward;
He trie't vnloose, their hands, impossible.
Nay, womens vengeance are implacable.

Hor. Why, would you make me thus the ball of scorne?

Tuc. He tell thee why, because th'ast entred Actions of as-
sault and battery, against a companie of honorable and wor-
shipfull Fathers of the law: you wrangling rascall, law is one
of the pillars ath land, and if thou beest bound too't (as I hope
thou

The vnt'russing of

thou shalt bee) thou't prooue a skip-lacke, thou't be whipt.
He tell thee why, because thy sputtering chappes yelpe; that
Arrogance, and Impudence, and Ignoraunce, are the essentiall parts of a Courtier.

Sir Van. You remember Horace they will puncke, and pincke, and pompe you, and they catch you by the coxcombes on I pray, one lash, a little more.

Tuc. He tell thee why, because thou cryest p'trooh at worshipfull Cittizens, and cal'st them Flat-caps, Cuckolds, and banckrupts, and modest and vertuous wifes punckes & cockatrices. He tell thee why, because th'ast arraigned two Poets against all lawe and conscience; and not content with that, hast turn'd them amongst a company of horrible blacke Fryers.

Sir Van. The same hand still, it is your owne another day, M. Horace, admonitions is good meate.

Tuc. Thou art the true arraign'd Poet, and shouldst haue been hang'd, but for one of these part-takers, these charitable Copper-lac'd Christians, that fetcht thee out of Purgatory, (Players I meane) Theaterians pouch-mouth, Stage-walkers; for this Poet, for this, thou must lye with these soure wenches, in that blancket, for this —

Hor. What could I doe, out of a iust reuenge,
But bring them to the stage? they enuy me
because I holde more worthy company.

Deme. Good Horace, no; my cheeks doe blush for thine,
As often as thou speakst so, where one true
And nobly-vertuous spirit, for thy best part
Loues thee, I with one ten, euen from my heart.
I make account I put vp as deepe share
In any good mans loue, which thy worth eames,
As thou thy selfe; we enuy not to see,
Thy friends with Bayes to crowne thy Poesie,

No,

the Humorous Poet.

No, heere the gall lyes, we that know what stufte
Thy very heart is made of; know the stalke
On which thy learning growes, and can giue life
To thy (once dying) basenes; yet must we
Dance Antickes on your Paper.

Hor. Farinius.

Cri. This makes vs angry, but not enuious,
No, were thy warpt soule, put in a new molde,
Ide weare thee as a Jewell set in golde.

Sir Van. And Jewels Master Horace, must be hang'd you
know.

Tuc. Good Pagans, well said, they haue sowed vp that
broken seame-rent lye of thine; that Demetrius is out at El-
bowes, and Crispinus is false out with Sattin heere, they haue;
but bloate-herring dost heare?

Hor. Yes honour'd Captaine, I haue eares at will.

Tuc. Ist not better be out at Elbowes, then to bee a bond-
slauie, and to goe all in Parchment as thou dost?

Horace. Parchment, Captaine? tis Perpetuana I assure
you.

Tuc. My Perpetuall pantaloone true, but tis waxt ouer;
th'art made out of Wax; thou must answere for this one day;
thy Muse is a hagler, and weares cloathes vpon best-be-trust:
th'art great in some bodies books for this, thou knowst where;
thou wouldst bee out at Elbowes, and out at heeles too,
but that thou layest about thee with a Bill for this, a
Bill ———

Ho. I confesse Capten, I followed this suite hard.

Tuc. I know thou didst, and therefore whilst we haue Hi-
ren heere, speake my little dish-washers, a verdict Pisse-
kitchens.

Omnes. Blanket.

Sir Van. Holde I pray, holde, by Seseu I haue put vp-
on my heade, a fine deuice, to make you laugh, tis not
your

The vntrussing of
your foeles Cap Master Horace, which you couer'd your Po-
etafters in, but a fine trick, ha, ha is iumbling in my braine.

Tuc. Ile beate out thy braines, my whorson handsome
dwarfe, but ile haue it out of thee.

Omnes. What is it good Sir Vaughan?

Sir Van. To conclude, is after this manners, because Ma-
Horace is ambition, and does conspire to bee more hye and
tall as God a mightie made him, wee'll carry his terrible, per-
son to Court, and there before his Mafestie Dub, or
what you call it, dip his Muse in some licour, and christen
him, or dye him, into collours of a Poet.

Omnes. Excellent.

Tuc. Super Super-excellent Reuellers goe, proceede you
Masters of Arte in kissing these wenches, and in daunces, bring
you the quiuering Bride to Court, in a Maske, come Grum-
boll, thou shalt Muin with vs; come, dogge mee skneakes-
bill.

Hor. O thou my Muse!

Sir Van. Call vpon God a mighty, and no Muses, your
Muse I warrant is otherwise occupied, there is no dealing
with your Muse now, therefore I pray marfe, marfe, marfe,
oundes your Moose? *Exeunt.*

Cri. We shal haue sport to see them; come bright beauties,
The Sunne stoops low, and whispers in our eares,
To hasten on our Maske, let's crowne this night,
With those composed wreathes of sweet delight. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Terrill and Caelesthine sadly, Sir Quintilian stirring and
mixing a cup of wine.*

Ter. O Night, that Dyes the Firmament in blacke,
And like a cloth of cloudes dost stretch thy limbes;
Vpon the windy Tenters of the Ayre:
O thou that hang'st vpon the backe of Day,

Like

the Humerous Poet.

Like a long mourning gowne : thou that art made
Without an eye, because thou shouldst not see
A Louers Reuels : nor participate
The Bride-groomes heauen; ô heauen, to me a hell :
I haue a hell in heauen, a blessed curſſe;
All other Bride-groomes long for Night, and taxe
The Day of lazie ſlouth; call Time a Cripple,
And ſay the houres limpe after him : but I
Wiſh Night for euer baniſht from the ſkie,
Or that the Day would neuer ſleepe: or Time,
Were in a ſwound; and all his little Houres,
Could neuer liſt him vp with their poore powers.

Enter Cæſtine.

But backward runnes the courſe of my delight;
The day hath turn'd his backe, and it is night :
This night will make vs odde; day made vs euen,
All elſe are damb'd in hel, but I in heauen.

Cæ. Let looſe thy oath, ſo ſhall we ſtill be euen.

Ter. Then am I damb'd in hell, and not in heauen.

Cæ. Muſt I then goe? tis eaſie to ſay no,
Muſt is the King himſelfe, and I muſt goe;
Shall I then goe? that word is thine; I ſhall,
Iſthy commaund : I goe becauſe I ſhall;
Will I then goe? I aſke my ſelfe; ô ill,
King, ſaies I muſt; you, I ſhall; I, I will.

Ter. Had I not ſworne. *Cæ.* Why didſt thou ſweare?

Ter. The King
Sat heauy on my reſolution,
Till (out of breath) it panted out an oath.

Cæ. An oath? why, what's an oath? tis but the ſmoake,
Of flame & bloud; the bliſter of the ſpirit,
Which riſeth from the ſteame of rage, the bubble
That ſhootes vp to the tongue, and ſcaldest the voice,
(For oathes are burning words) thou ſwor'ſt but one,

K

Tz

The vntrussing of
Tis frozen long agoe: if one be numbred,
VVhat Countrimen are they? where doe they dwell,
That speake naught else but oathes?

Ter. I hey're men of hell.

An oath? why tis the trafficke of the soule,
Tis law within a man; the seale of faith,
The bond of euery conscience; vnto whom,
VVe set our thoughts like hands: yea such a one
I swore, and to the King: A King containes
A thousand thousand; when I swore to him,
I swore to them; the very haire that guard
His head, will rise vp like sharpe witnesses
Against my faith and loyalty: his eye
VVould straight condemne me: argue oathes no more,
My oath is high, for to the King I swore.

Enter Sir Quintilian with the cup.

Ca. Must I betray my Chastity? So long
Cleane from the treason of rebelling lust;
O husband! O my Father! if poore I,
Must not liue chaste, then let me chaste dye.

S. qui. I, heer's a charme shall keep thee chaste, come, come,
Olde Time hath left vs but an houre to play
Our parts; begin the Scene, who shall speake first?
Oh, I, I play the King, and Kings speake first;
Daughter stand thou heere, thou Sonne Terrill there,
O thou standst well, thou lean'st against a poast,
(For thou't be posted off I warrant thee:)
The King will hang a horne about thy necke,
And make a poast of thee; you stand well both,
VVe neede no Prologue, the King enting first,
He's a most gracious Prologue: mary then
For the Catattrophe, or Epilogue,

Ther's

the Humorous Poet.

Ther's one in cloth of Siluer, which no doubt,
 VVill please the hearers well, when he steps out;
 His mouth is fill'd with words: see where he stands;
 He'll make them clap their eyes besides their hands,
 But to my part; suppose who enters now,
 A King, whose eyes are set in Siluer; one
 That blusseth golde, speakes Musicke dancing walkes,
 Now gathers neerer takes thee by the hand,
 When straight thou think'st, the very Orbe of heauen,
 Mooues round about thy fingers; then he speakes,
 Thus — thus — I know not how.

Ca. Nor I to answer him.

Sir Quint. No girle: know'st thou not how to answer him?
 VVhy then the field is lost, and he rides home,
 Like a great conquerour; not answer him?
 Out of thy part already: yfoulde the Sceane?
 Disfrancht the lynes: disarm'd the action?

Ter. Yes yes, true chastity is tongu'd so weake,
 Tis ouer-come ere it know how to speake.

Sir qui. Come come, thou happy close of euery wrong,
 Tis thou that canst dissolue the hardest doubt;
 Tis time for thee to speake, we are all out.
 Daughter, and you the man whom I call Sonne,
 I must confesse I made a deede of gift;
 To heauen and you and gaue my childe to both:
 VVhen on my blessing I did charme her soule,
 In the white circle of true Chastity,
 Still to run true, till death: now Sir if not,
 She forfeys my rich blessing, and is Fin'd
 VVith an eternall curse; then I tell you,
 She shall dye now, now whilst her soule is true.

Ter. Dye?

Ca. I, I am deaths eccho.

Sir quin. O my Sonne,

The vntersing of

I am her Father; every teare I shed,
Is threescore ten yeere olde; I weepe and smile
Two kinde of teares: I weepe that she must dye,
I smile that she must dye a Virgin: thus
We ioyfull men mocke teares, and teares mocke vs.

Ter. What speakes that cup?

Sirquin. White wine and poison.

Ter. Oh:

That very name of poison, poisons me;
Thou Winter of a man, thou walking graue,
Whose life is like a dying Taper: how
Canst thou define a Louers labouring thoughts?
What Sent hast thou but death? what taste but earth?
The breath that purles from thee, is like the Steame
Of a new-open'd vault: I know thy drift,
Because thou art traueilling to the land of Graues,
Thou couetest company, and hether bringst,
A health of poison to pledge death: a poison
For this sweete spring; this Element is mine,
This is the Ayre I breath; corrupt it not;
This heauen is mine, I bought it with my soule,
Of him that selles a heauen, to buy a soule.

Sirquin. Well, let her goe; she's thine thou cal'st her thine,
Thy Element, the Ayre thou breath'st; thou know'st
The Ayre thou breath'st is common, make her so:
Perhaps thou't say; none but the King shall weare
Thy night-gowne, she that laps thee warme with loue;
And that Kings are not common: Then to shew,
By consequence he cannot make her so,
Indeede she may prompoote her shame and thine,
And with your shames, speake a good word for mine:
The King shining so cleare, and we so dim,
Our darke disgraces will be seene through him.
Imagine her the cup of thy moult life,

What

the Humerous Poet.

What man would pledge a King in his owne wife?

Ter. She dyes: that sentence poisons her: O life!

What slaue would pledge a King in his owne wife?

Cal. Welcome, ô poyson phisicke against lust,
Thou holesome medicine to a constant bloud;
Thou rare Apothecary that canst keepe,
My chastity preseru'd, within this boxe;
Of tempting dust, this painted earthen pot,
That stands vpon the stall of the white soule,
To set the shop out like a flatterer,
To draw the customers of Sinne: come, come,
Thou art no poison, but a dyet-drinke,
To moderate my bloud: White-innocent Wine,
Art thou made guilty of my death? oh no,
For thou thy selfe art poison'd, take me hence,
For Innocence, shall murder Innocence.

Drinckes

Ter. Holde, holde, thou shalt not dye, my Bride, my wife,
O stop that speedy messenger of death;
O let him not run downe that narrow path,
Which leades vnto thy heart; nor carry newes
To thy remoouing soule, that thou must dye.

Cal. Tis done already, the Spirituall Court,
Is breaking vp; all Offices discharg'd,
My soule remooues from this weake standing house,
Of fraile mortallity: Deare Father, blesse
Me now and euer: Dearer Man, farewell,
I ioyntly take my leaue of thee and life,
Goe, tell the King thou hast a constant wife.

Ter. I had a constant wife, Ile tell the King;
Vntill the King — what dost thou smile? art thou
A Father?

Sir quin. Yea, smiles on my cheekes arise,
To see how sweetly a true virgin dyes.

The vnt'russing of

*Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Fannius, Philocalia, Dicachie,
Petula, lights before them.*

Cris. Sir Walter Terrill, gallants are all ready,

Ter. All ready.

Dem. Well said, come, come, wher's the Bride?

Ter. She's going to forbid the Banes agen.

She'll dye a maide: and see she keeps her oath,

All the men. Faire Cælestine!

Ladies. The Bride!

Ter. She that was faire,

Whom I cal'd faire and Cælestine,

Omnes. Dead!

Sir quin. Dead, sh's deatnes Bride, he hath her maidenhead.

Cri. Sir Walter Terrill,

Omnes. Tell vs how.

Ter. All cease,

The subiect that we treate of now is *Peace*,

If you demaund how: I can tell: if why,

Aske the King that he was the cause, not I,

Let it suffice, she's dead, she kept her vow,

Aske the King why, and then Ile tell you how:

Nay giue your Reuels life, tho she be gone,

To Court with all your preparation;

Leade on, and leade her on; if any aske

The mistery, say death presents a maske,

Ring peales of Musicke, you are Louers belles,

The losse of one heauen, brings a thousand hels.

Exeunt.

*Enter an arm'd Sewer, after him the seruice of a Banquet: the King
at another doore meetes them; bey Exeunt.*

Kin. Why so, euen thus the Mercury of Heauen,

Vthers

the Humorous Poet.

Vshers th'ambrosiate banquet of the Gods,
When a long traine of Angels in a ranke,
Serue the first course, and bow their Christall knees;
Before the Siluer table; where Ioues page
Sweet Ganimed fillles Nectar; when the Gods,
Drinke healthes to Kings, they pledge them; none but Kings
Dare pledge the Gods; none but Gods drinke to Kings.
Men of our house are we prepar'd;

Enter Seruants.

Ser. My Leige,

All waite the presence of the Bride.

Kin. The Bride?

Yea, euery senceles thing, which she beholdes,
Will looke on her agen her eyes reflection,
Will make the walles all eyes, with her perfection:
Obserue me now, because of Maskes and Reuels,
And many nuptiall ceremonies: Marke,
This I create the Presence heere the State,
Our Kingdomes seate, shall sit in honours Pride,
Like pleasures Queene, there will I place the Bride:
Be gone, be speedy, let me see it done. *Exeunt.*
A King in Loue, is Steward to himselfe,
And neuer scornes the office, my selfe buy,
All glances from the Market of her eye.

Soft Musicke, chaire is set vnder a Canopie.

Kin. Sound Musicke, thou sweet suiter to the ayre,
Now wooe the ayre agen, this is the houre,
Writ in the Calender of time, this houre,
Musicke shall spend, the next and next the Bride;
Her tongue will read the Musicke-Lecture: Wat
I loue thee War, because thou art not wise;

Not

The vntrussing of
Not deep-read in the volume of a man,
Thou neuer sawst a thought, poore soule thou thinkst,
The heart and tongue is cut out of one peece,
But th'art deceau'd, the world hath a false light,
Foolles thinke tis day, when wise men know tis night.

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir quint. My Leige they're come, a maske of gallants,

King. Now --- the spirit of Loue vschers my blood.

Sir quin. They come.

The Watch-word in a Maske is the bolde Drum.

*Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Demetrius, Philocalia, Petula,
Dicache, all maskt, two and two with blights like mas-
kers: Cælestine in a chaire.*

Ter. All pleasures guard my King, I heere present,
My oath vpon the knee of duty: knees
Are made for Kings, they are the subiects Fees.

King. Wat Terrill, th'art ill suited, ill made vp,
In Sable collours, like a night peece dyed,
Com'st thou the Prologue of a Maske in blacke;
Thy body is ill shapt; a Bride-groometoo?
Looke how the day is drest in Siluer cloth,
Laide round about with golden Sunne-beames: so
(As white as heauen) should a fresh Bride-groome goe.
What? Cælestine the Bride, in the same task?
Nay then I see ther's mistery in this maske,
Prethee resolute me Wat?

Ter. My gracious Lord,
That part is hers, she actes it; onely I
Present the Prologue, she the misterie.

King. Come

the Humorous Poet.

Kin. Come Bride, the Sceane of blushing entred first,
Your cheekes are settled now, and past the worst; *Unmask her*
A mistery: oh none plaies heere but death,
This is deaths motion; motionles? speake you,
Flatter no longer; thou her Bride-groome; thou
Her Father speake.

Sir quint. Dead.

Ter. Dead.

Kin. How?

Sir quin. Poyson'd.

King. And poyson'd?

What villaine durst blaspheme her beauties, or
Prophane the cleare religion of her eyes?

Ter. Now King I enter, now the Sceane is mine,
My tongue is tipt with poison; know who speakes,
And looke into my thoughts; I blush not King.
To call thee Tyrant: death hath set my face,
And made my blood bolde; heare me spirits of men,
And place your eares vpon your hearts; the day
(The fellow to this night) saw her and me,
Shake hands together: for the booke of heauen,
Made vs eternall friends: thus, *Man and Wife*,
'This man of men (the King) what are not kings?
Was my chiefe guest, my royall guest, his Grace
Grac'd all the Table, and did well become
The vpper end, where sate my Bride: in brieft,
He tainted her chaste eares; she yet vnknowne,
His breath was treason, tho his words were none.
Treason to her and me, he dar'd me then,
(Vnder the couert of a flattering smile,)
To bring her where she is not as she is,
Alive for lust, not dead for (Chastity:
The resolution of my soule, out-dar'd,)
I swore and taxt my faith with a sad oath;

L

Which

The vntrussing of

Which I maintaine; heere take her, she was mine,
When she was liuing, but now dead, she's thine.

Kin. Doe not confound me quite; for mine owne guilt,
Speakes more within me, then thy tongue contains;
Thy sorrow is my shame: yet heerein springs,
Ioy out of sorrow, boldnes out of shame;
For I by this haue found, once in my life,
A faithfull subiect, thou a constant wife,

Cal. A constant wife,

Kin. Am I confounded twice?
Blasted with wonder.

Ter. O delude we not,
Thou art too true to liue agen, too faire
To be my Cælestine, too constant farre
To be a woman.

Cal. Nor to be thy wife,
But first I pleade my duetie, and salute
The world agen.

Sirquin. My King, my Sonne, know all,
I am an Actor in this millerie,
And beare the chiefeſt part. The Father I,
Twas I that ministred to her chaste blood,
A true somniferous potion, which did steale
Her thoughts to sleepe, and flattered her with death:
I cal'd it a quick poison'd drug, to trie
The Bride-groomes loue, and the Brides constancie.
He in the passion of his loue did fight,
A combat with affection; so did both,
She for the poison stroue, he for his oath:
Thus like a happie Father, I haue won,
A constant Daughter, and a louing Sonne.

Kin. Mirrour of Maidens, wonder of thy name,
I giue thee that art giuen, pure, chaste, the same
Heere Wat: I would not part (for the worlds pride)

the Humorous Poet.

So true a Bride-groome, and so chaste a Bride.

Cri. My Leige, to wed a Comicalleuent,
To presupposed tragicke Argument:
Vouchsafeto exercise your eyes, and see
A humorous dreadfull Poet take degree.

Kn. Dreadfull in his proportion or his pen?

Cris. In both, he calles himselfe the whip of men.

Kn. If a cleare meritt stand vpon his praise,
Reach him a Poets Crowne (the honour'd Bayes)
But if he claime it, wanting right thereto,
(As many bastard Sonnes of Poesie doe)
Race downe his vsurpation to the ground.

I rue Poets are with Arte and Nature Crown'd.

But in what molde so ere this man bee cast,
We make him thine Crispinus, wit and iudgement,
Shine in thy numbers, and thy soule I know,
Will not goe arm'd in passion gainst thy foe:
Therefore bethou our selfe; whilst our selfe sit,
But as spectator of this Scene of wit.

Cri. Thanks royall Lord, for these high honors done,
To me vnworthie, my mindes brightest fires
Shall all consume themselves, in purest flame,
On the Alter of your deare eternall name.

Kn. Not vnder vs, but next vs take thy Seate,
„ *Arts nourished by Kings make Kings more great,*
Vse thy Authority.

Cris. Demetrius.

Call in that selfe-creating Horace, bring
Him and his shaddow forth.

Dem. Both shall appeare,
„ *No black-eyed star must sticke in vertues Sphcare.*

Enter Sir Vaughan.

Sir Va. Ounds did you see him, I pray let all his Mafesties
L 2 most

The vntrussing of

most excellent dogs, be set at liberties, and haue their freedoms to sinell him out.

Dem. Smell whom?

Sir Vaugh. Whom? the *Composer*, the *Prince of Poets*, *Horace*, *Horace*, he's departed: in Gods name and the Kinges I farge you to ring it out from all our eares, for *Horaces* bodie is departed: Master hue and crie shall ——— God bleesse King Williams, I crie you mercy and aske forgiuenes, for mine eyes did not finde in their hearts to looke vppon your *Mafeltie*.

Kin. What news with thee *Sir Vaughan*?

Sir Van. Newes? God tis as vife newes as I can desire to bring about mee: our vnhanfome-fac'd Poet does play at bo-peepes with your Grace, and cryes all-hidde as boyes doe.

Officers. Stand by, roome there, backe, roome for the Poet.

Sir Va. He's reprehended and taken, by Sefu I reioyce verry neere as much as if I had discouer'd a New-found Land, or the North and East Indies,

Enter Tucca, his boy after him with two pictures under his cloake, and a wreath of nettles: Horace and Bubo put in by th' hornes bound both like Satyres, Sir Adam following, Mistris Miniuer with him wearing Tuccaes chaine.

Tuc. So, tug, tug, pull the mad Bull in by th' hornes: So, baite one at that stake my place-mouth yelpers, and one at that stake Gurnets-head.

King. What busie fellow's this?

Tuc. Saue thee, my most gracious King a Harts faue thee, all hats and caps are thine, and therefore I vaile: for but to thee great *Sultane Soliman*, I scorne to be thus put off or to deliuer vp
this

the Humorous Poet.

this sconce I wud.

Kim. Sir Vaughan, what's this iolly Captaines name?

Sir Va. Has a very sufficient name, and is a man has don God and his Country as good and as hot Service (in conquering this vile Monster-Poet) as euer did S. George his horse-backe about the Dragon.

Tuc. I sweate for't, but Tawfcone, holde thy tongue, Mon Dieu, if thou't praise me, doo't behinde my backe: I am my weighty Soueraigne one of thy graines, thy valliant vassaile; aske not what I am, but read, turne ouer, vndaspe thy Chronicles: there thou shalt finde Buffe-lerkin; there read my points of war; I am one a thy Mandilian-Leaders; one that enters into thy royall bands for thee; *Pantibus Tucca*; one of thy Kingdomes chieft quarrellers; one a thy most faithfull --- fy --- fy --- fy ---

Sir Van. Drunkerds I holde my life.

Tuc. No *whirligig*, one of his faithfull fighters; thy drawer ô royall *Tam* or *Cham*.

Sir Van. Goe too, I pray Captaine Tucca, giue vs all leaue to doe our busines before the King.

Tuc. With all my heart, shi, shi, shi shake that *Beare-whelp* when thou wut.

Sir Van. Horace and Bubo, pray send an answere into his Masesties cares, why you goe thus in Ouids Morter-Morphefis and strange fashions of apparrell.

Tuc. Cur why?

Asini. My Lords, I was drawne into this beastly suite by head and shoulders onely for loue I bare to my Ningle.

Tuc. Speake Ningle, thy mouth's next, belch out, belch, why ---

Hor. I did it to retyre me from the world;
And turne my *Muse* into a *Timonist*,
Loathing the general Leprozie of Sinne,
Which like a plague runs through the soules of men:

The vntersing of

I did it but to ———

Tu. But to bite euery Motley-head vice by'th nose, you did it Ningle to play the Bug-beare Satyre, & make a Campe royall of fashion-mongers quake at your paper Bullets; you Nastie Fortois, you and your Itchy Poetry breake out like Christmas, but once a yeare, and then you keepe a Reuelling, & Araigning, & a Scratching of mens faces, as tho you were Tyber the long-tail'd Prince of Rattes, doe you?

Cri. Horace.

Sir Vaughan. Silence, pray let all vrdes be strangled, or held fast betweene your teeth.

Cri. Vnder controule of my dread Soueraigne,
We are thy Iudges; thou that didst *Arraigne*,
Art now prepar'd for condemnation;
Should I but bid thy *Muse stand to the Barre*,
Thy selfe against her wouldst giue euidence:
For flat rebellion gainst the Sacred lawes,
Of diuine Poetrie: heerein most she mist,
Thy pride and scorne made her turne Sacrific,
And not her leue to vertue (as thou Preachest)
Or should we minister strong pilles to thee:
What lumpes of hard and indigested stufte,
Of bitter *Satirisme*, of *Arrogance*,
Of *Selfe-loue*, of *Detraction*, of a blacke
And stinging *Insolence* should we fetch vp?
But none of these, we giue thee what's more fit,
With stinging nettles Crowne his stinging wit.

Tuc. Wel said my Poeticall huckster, now he's in thy handling rate him, doe rate him well.

Hor. O I beseech your Maiesty, rather then thus to be nettled, Ile ha my Satyres coate pull'd ouer mine cares, and be turn'd out a the nine Muses Seruice.

Asin. And I too, let mee be put to my shiftes with myne Ningle.

Sir Vaugh. By

the Humorous Poet.

Sir Van. By Sefu so you shall M. Bubo; flea off this haire skin M. Horace, so, so, so, vntrusse, vntrusse.

Tuc. His Poeticall wreath my dapper puncke-fetcher.

Hor. Ooh —

Tu. Nay your oohs, nor your *Callin-nes* cannot serue your turne; your tongue you know is full of blisters with rayling, your face full of pockey-holes and pimples, with your fierie inuentions: and therefore to preserue your head from aking, this Biggin is yours, ——— nay by Sefu you shall bee a Poet, though not Lawrefyed, yet Nettlesyed, so:

Tuc. Sirra stincker, thou'rt but vntruss'd now, I owe thee a whipping still, and Ile pay it: I haue layde roddees in Pisse and Vineger for thee: It shall not bee the Whipping *at th Salyre*, nor the Whipping of the blinde-Bear, but of a counterfeite lugler, that steales the name of Horace.

Kin. How? counterfeite: does hee vsurpe that name?

Sir Van. Yes indeede ant please your Grace, he does sup vp that abhominable name.

Tuc. Hee does O King *Cambises*, hee does: thou hast no part of Horace in thee but's name, and his damnable vices: thou hast such a terrible mouth, that thy beard's afraide to peepe out: but, looke heere you staring Leuiathan, heere's the sweete visage of Horace; looke per-boylde-face, looke; Horace had a trim long-beard, and a reasonable good face for a Poet, (as faces goe now-a-dayes) Horace did not skruie and wriggle himselfe into great Mens familiarity, (impudentlie) as thou doest: nor weare the Badge of Gentlemens company, as thou doost thy Taffetic sleeues tackt too onely with some pointes of profit: No, Horace had not his face puncht full of Oylet-holes, like the couer of a warming-pan: Horace lou'd Poets well, and gaue Coxcombes to none but fooles; but thou lou'it none,

The vntrussing of

none, neither Wisemen nor fooles, but thy selfe: Horace was a goodly Corpulent Gentleman, and not so leane a hollow-cheekt Scrag as thou art: No, heere's thee Coppy of thy countenance, by this will I learne to make a number of villanous faces more, and to looke scuriously vpon th world, as thou dost.

Cr. Sir Vaughan will you minister their oath?

Sir Van. Master Asinius Bubo, you shall sweare as little as you can, one oath shall damme vp your Innocent mouth.

Cris. Any oath Sir, Ile sweare any thing.

Sir Van. You shall sweare by *Phæbus* (who is your Poets good Lord and Master,) that heere-after you will not hyre Horace, to giue you poesies for rings, or hand-kerchers, or kniues which you vnderstand not, nor to write your Loue-letters; which you (in turning of a hand) set your marks vpon, as your owne: nor you shall not carry Lattin Poets about you, till you can write and read English at most; and lastlye that you shall not call Horace your Ningle.

Cris. By *Phæbus* I sweare all this, and as many oathes as you will, so I may trudge.

Sir Van. Trudge then, pay your legs for Fees, and bee dis-farg'd.

Tuc. Tprooth --- runne Red-cap, ware hornes there,

Exit Asi.

Sir Van. Now Master Horace, you must be a more horrible swearer for your oath must be (like your wittes) of many colours; and like a Brokers booke of many parcels.

Tuc. Read, read; th inuentory of his oath.

Hor. Ile sweare till my haire stands vpan end, to bee rid of this sting, oh this sting!

Sir Van. Tis not your sting of conscience, is it?

Tuc. Vpon him: *Inprimis*.

Sir Vangh. *Inprimis*, you shall sweare by *Phæbus* and the halfe

the Humerous Poet.

halfe a score Muses lacking one: not to sweare to hang your selfe, if you thought any Man, Woman or Silde, could write Playes and Rimes, as well-fauour'd ones as your selfe.

Tuc. Well sayd, haſt brought him toth gallowes already?

Sir Vaugh. You ſhall ſweare not to bumbſt out a new Play, with the old elynings of leſties, ſtohe from the Temples Reuels.

Tuc. To him olde Tango.

Sir Va. Moreouer, you ſhall not ſit in a Gallery, when your Comedies and Enterludes haue entred their Actions, and there make vile and bad faces at euerie lyne, to make Sentlemen haue an eye to you, and to make Players afraid to take your part.

Tuc. Thou ſhalt be my Ningle for this.

Sir Van. Beſides, you muſt forſweare to venter on the ſtage, when your Play is ended, and to exchange curtezies, and complements with Gallants in the Lordes roomes, to make all the houſe riſe vp in Armes, and to cry that's Horace, that's he, that's ſhe, that's he, that pennes and purges Humours and diſeaſes.

Tuc. There boy, agen.

Sir Van. Secondly, when you bid all your friends to the marriage of a poore couple, that is to ſay: your *Wies* and neceſſities, alias *dictus*, to the riſing of your *Muſe*: alias, your *Muſe* up-ſitting: alias a *Poets Whiſon-Ale*; you ſhall ſweare that within three dayes after, you ſhall not abroad, in Booke-binders ſhops, brag that your *Vize-royes* or *Tributorie-Kings*, haue done homage to you, or paidé quarterage.

Tuc. Ile buſſethy head Holofernes.

Sir Vaugh. Moreouer and *Inprimis*, when a Knight or

M

Sentle-

The vntrussing of

Señtlemen of vrsnip, does giue you his passe-port, to tra-
uaile in and out to his Company, and giues you money for
Gods sake; I trust in Sefu, you will sweare (tooth and
nayle) not to make scalde and wry-mouth Iestes vpon his
Knight-hood, will you not?

Hor. I neuer did it by Parnassus.

Tuc. Wut sweare by Parnassus and lyetoo, Doctor Dod-
dipol.

Sir Va. Thirdly, and last of all sauing one, when your
Playes are misse-likt at Court, you shall not crye Mew
like a Pusse-cat, and say you are glad you write out of the
Courtiers Element.

Tuc. Let the Element alone, tis out a thy reach.

Sir Van. In brieflynes, when you Sup in Tauernes, a-
mongst your betters, you shall sweare not to dippe your
Manners in too much sawce, nor at Table to sling Epi-
grams, Embleames, or Play-speeches about you (lyke
Hayle-stones) to keepe you out of the terrible daunger of
the Shot, vpon payne to sit at the vpper ende of the
Table, a'th left hand of Carlo Buffon: sweare all this, by A-
pollo and the eight or nine Muses.

Hor. By Apollo, Helicon, the Muses (who march three
and three in a rancke) and by all that belongs to Parnassus,
I sweare all this.

Tuc. Beare witnes.

Cris. That fearefull wreath, this honour is your due,

All Poets shall be Poet-Apes but you;

Thanks (Learnings true Mecænas, Poesies king)

Thanks for that gracious care, which you haue lent,

To this most tedious, most rude argument.

Kim. Our spirits haue well been feasted; he whose pen
Drawes both corrupt, and cleare blood from all men:

(Careles

the Humorous Poet.

(Carles what veine he prickes) let him not raue,
When his owne sides are stricke, blowes, blowes, doe craue.

Tuc. Kings-truce, my noble Hearbe-a-grace; my Prince-
Sweet-William, a boone ---- Stay first, Ist a match or no
ch, Lady Furniuall Ist?

Sir Ad. & Sir quint. A match?

Mmi. I, a match, since he hath hit the Mistris so often i'th
fore-game, we'll eene play out a rubbers,

Sir Ada Take her for me.

Sir quin. Take her for thy selfe, not for me.

Sir Vau. Play out your rubbers in Gods name, by Sefu Ile
neuer boule more in your Alley, Iddow.

Sir Quint. My Chaine.

Sir Adam My Purse.

Tuc. Ile Chaine thee presently, and giue thee ten pound
and a purse: a boone my Leige: ---- daunce ô my delicate
Rufus, at my wedding with this reuerend Antiquary; ist done?
wut thou?

Kin. Ile giue thee Kingly honour: *Night and Sleepe,*
With silken Ribands would tye vp our eyes,
But Mistris Bride, one measure shall be led,
In scorne of Mid-nights haile, and then to bed.

Exeunt.

M 2

Epilogus:



Epilogus:

Tucca. **G**entlemen, Gallants, and you my little Swaggerers that fight lowe: my tough hearts of Oake that stand too't so valliantly, and are still within a yard of your Capten: Now the Trum-pets (that set men together by the eares) haue left their Tantara-rag-boy, let's part friends. I recant, beare witnes all you Gentle-folkes (that walke i'th Galleries) I recant the opinions which I helde of Courtiers, Ladies, & Cittizens, when once (in an as-sembly of Friers) I railde vpon them: that Hereticall Libertine Horace, taught me so to mouth it. Besides, twas when stiffe Tucca was a boy: twas not Tucca that railde and roar'd the n, but the Deuill & his An-gels: But now, Kings-truce, the Capten Summons a parlee, and deliuers himselfe and his prating compa-ny into your hands, vpon what composition you wil. Are you pleas'd? and Ile dance Friskin for ioy, but if you be not, by'th Lord Ile see you all — heere for your two pence a peice agen, before Ile loose your company. I know now some be come hyther with cheekes swolne as big with hisses, as if they had the tooth-ach: yds-foote, if I stood by them, Ide bee so bold as — intreate them to hisse in another place. Are you aduiz'd what you doe when you hisse? you blowe away Horaces reuenge: but if you set your hands

Epilogue.

hands and Seales to this, Horace will write against it,
and you may haue more sport: he shall not loose his
labour, he shall not turne his blanke verses into wast
paper: No, my Poëtafters will not laugh at him, but
will vntruste him agen, and agen, and agen. Ile tell
you what you shall doe, cast your little Tueca into
a Bell: doe, make a Bell of me, and be al you my clap=
pers, vpon condition, wee may haue a lustie peale,
this colde weather: I haue butt two legs left me,
and they are both yours: Good night
my two penny Tenants
God night,

FINIS.

